AVANT GARDE 14

Doctoritis

Over 20,000 Americans are now dying each year of a virulent new malady called "Doctoritis." It is caused by the inability to get hold of a doctor when you need one.

Item: A study by the United States Senate indicates that America should have 600,000 doctors. We have fewer than half that many.

Item: Because more and more doctors are refusing to make house calls or to work at night and on weekends, hospital emergency rooms are being overrun with non-emergency cases. "We've simply become a substitute for the family doctor," says the head of emergency service at New York's Roosevelt Hospital.

Item: In some communities, a doctor is not available at *any* time. The Wall Street Journal reports that patients in some localities must plead with up to half a dozen doctors before they can find one willing to treat them, while the governor of Texas states that 15 counties in the western part of Texas *have no doctor at all.*

Item: A study by the Brookings Institution indicates that by 1975, due to the pressures of Medicare, Medicaid, and the population explosion, Americans will require *one billion* doctor visits. There simply will not be enough medical manpower to meet this need.

In short, American medicine, once the pride of our nation and freely available to everyone, is swiftly degenerating into a semi-rationed, hurried, depersonalized, form of production-line service because of a severe shortage of doctors. What's more, the situation will only get worse. Survey after survey indicates that a reversal of the current trend can not occur for at least another decade. As a study by the Carnegie Commission on Medical Education recently found, America is confronted by a "massive crisis."

The average intelligent, responsible citizen has but one recourse: To provide himself with instantaneously available, authoritative medical advice that will enable him to minimize his dependency upon doctors. To make this possible, the editors of **Moneysworth**, the galvanic new consumer-affairs newsletter, are pleased to announce publication—and free dissemination—of *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor*, by Paul Kuhne, M.D.

The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor is more than just a reference book listing symptoms and treatments for common ailments (although it contains over 100,000 words of such information and advice). It is a comprehensive, easily understood description of the workings of the human body and mind. It covers anatomy, physiology, medicine, and psychiatry. What's more, its style and wit make it a pleasure to read. It's as though you were chatting informally with an authority who had all the time in the world and the genuine desire to answer your most trivial medical questions.

It is not possible, within the scope of this advertisement, to give you a detailed description of the contents of *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor*. Its range is too vast. Suffice it to say that probably never in your lifetime will you encounter an illness that is not covered by this book.

Perhaps you can get an inkling of the book's contents from this list of 100 of the 1500 topics it covers:

Abortion, Acne, Air Sickness, Alcoholism, Allergy, Analgesics, Anemia, Angina Pectoris, Antacids, Antidotes, Arthritis, Ascorbic Acid, Asthma, Athlete's Foot, Backaches, Baldness, Bed Wetting, Bites and Stings, Blackheads, Blood Pressure, Blood Sugar, Breast-feeding, Burns, Caffeine, Calories, Cancer, Castration Complex, Children's Diseases, Cholesterol, Choosing a Family Doctor, Chronic Tiredness, Colds, Constipation, Contraception, Corns, Dandruff, Dental Decay, Deodorants, Diabetes, Diarrhea, Dieting, Drug Addiction, Electrocardiogram, First Aid, Flatulence, Food Values, Foot Complaints, Frigidity, Frostbite, Fungus Infection, Gall Bladder, Gastric Ulcer, German Measles, Geriatrics, Gonorrhea, Gout, Hay Fever, Headache, Health Foods, Heart Disease, Hemorrhoids, Hives, Home Medicine Chest, Homosexuality, Hormones, Impotence, Insomnia, Iron Deficiency, Kidney Infections, Laxatives, Malnutrition, Marijuana Poisoning, Masturbation, Measles, Menopause, Menstruation, Mental Disorders, Migraine, Mumps, Nosebleeds, Pneumonia, Pregnancy, Premature Ejaculation, Prostatitis, Psychotherapy, Sexual Intercourse, Skin Diseases, Sore Throat, Stomach Upsets, Stroke, Sunburn, Syphilis, Toilet Training, Tonsillitis, Toothache, Vaginal Discharge, Vitamin Deficiency, Weight and Height Averages, Wheat Germ, Whooping Cough.

In sum, *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor* is perhaps the most comprehensive medical book ever written for the layman.

The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor is 448 pages long. It is profusely illustrated and indexed for quick reference. Its text is set in Times Roman, one of the most legible and beautiful of typefaces. Its cover is designed by Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer (and the art director of Avant-Garde).

Copies of this invaluable reference work are not being offered for sale; *they are being given away—ABSOLUTELY FREE—as a gift to all new subscribers to* **Moneysworth**!

In case you've never seen **Moneysworth**, let us explain that it is (as New York critic Robert Reisner has stated) "By far, America's most trustworthy and useful consumer-affairs publication." It rates products as to best buys (as among cars, cameras, hi-fi's and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to get maximum return on your savings and investments, but also how to protect them against the ravages of inflation). **Moneysworth** commenced publication just a few months ago, but already has become the most widely read newsletter in the world (its circulation exceeds 300,000 and its readership is estimated to be *one million*).

Typical of features in **Moneysworth** are the following:

Earn 10½% to 12½% on Your Savings Account
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Home Burglar-Alarm Systems
How to Fight a Traffic Ticket
Freeze-Dried Coffees Rated (and Berated)
Hiring a Lawyer to Avoid the Draft
How to Hold onto Your Auto Insurance
"No-Loads": Your Best Buy in Mutual Funds
The Most Dangerous Car of All
Muzak in Your Home—Free
Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company
The Dangers of Dieting
How to Buy a New Car for $125 Above Dealer's Cost
The Growing Popularity of Personal Bankruptcy
How to Open a Secret Swiss Bank Account
Wines for Economical Epicures
How to Cope with Computerized Dunning Letters
Earn Interest on Your Checking Account
Water Beds are Making a Big Splash
The Wisdom of Sending Your Child to College Abroad
How Dishonest Is Your Stockbroker?
"How We Live on Less than $75 a Month"

In short, **Moneysworth** is a hip, reliable financial mentor. It is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

The editors of **Moneysworth** include many of the people who put out Avant-Garde. Its editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, the editor of Avant-Garde. Its executive editor is Warren Boroson, a former editor of Medical Economics and a writer with considerable experience in high quality magazines (his articles appear in almost every issue of Avant-Garde). These two men, assisted by staffers, correspondents, and consultants throughout the United States, put out America's first—and only—consumer-affairs publication with *charisma*.

Subscriptions to **Moneysworth** cost $10 a year. In conjunction with this special *Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor* offer, however, you may order a Special Nine-Month Introductory Subscription for *ONLY $4.95!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* And you get a copy of *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!*

Moreover, we are so confident that *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor* will prove indispensable to you that we are making what is probably the most generous money-back offer in publishing history. We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor* will save you, in medical bills, at least ten times the cost of your **Moneysworth** subscription—namely, $49.50—or you may return the book and get your money back *IN FULL*. Meanwhile, you will have enjoyed a subscription to **Moneysworth** *FREE!* What could be more foolproof?

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the postage-free Order Form Envelope facing this page (or the coupon below) and mail it with $4.95 to: **Moneysworth**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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MONEYSWORTH

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I enclose $4.95 for a nine-month subscription to the galvanic new consumer-affairs newsletter **Moneysworth**, published fortnightly. I understand that, as a Special Introductory Bonus, I will receive *ABSOLUTELY FREE* a copy of the 448-page *Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor*. Moreover, if *The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor* fails to save me at least $49.50 in medical bills, I may return the book and get my money back *IN FULL* (and, meanwhile, I will have enjoyed a subscription to **Moneysworth** for nine months *ABSOLUTELY FREE*).

IMPORTANT NOTE! The Moneysworth Home Medical Advisor is bound in soft covers. If you plan to make extensive use of this book, we recommend that you order it in special hard-cover, deluxe edition (bound in leather grain, for greater durability). To do so, simply check this box ☐ and enclose $6.95, instead of $4.95. You still get a nine-month subscription to Moneysworth and money-back guarantee.

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Mag-1

Protest against uncomfortable, heavy, square-looking furniture! Take a position in the revolutionary new Avant-Garde Inflatable Sculpture Seat. Use this seat anywhere—in your pad, the office of the university president, even the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. What's more, the Avant-Garde Inflatable Sculpture Seat is completely portable and it can be stored in a drawer. It's made of thick, triple-laminated vinyl and is available in six vibrating colors. Perhaps best of all, the Avant-Garde Inflatable Sculpture Seat easily supports the weight of two—and it bounces!

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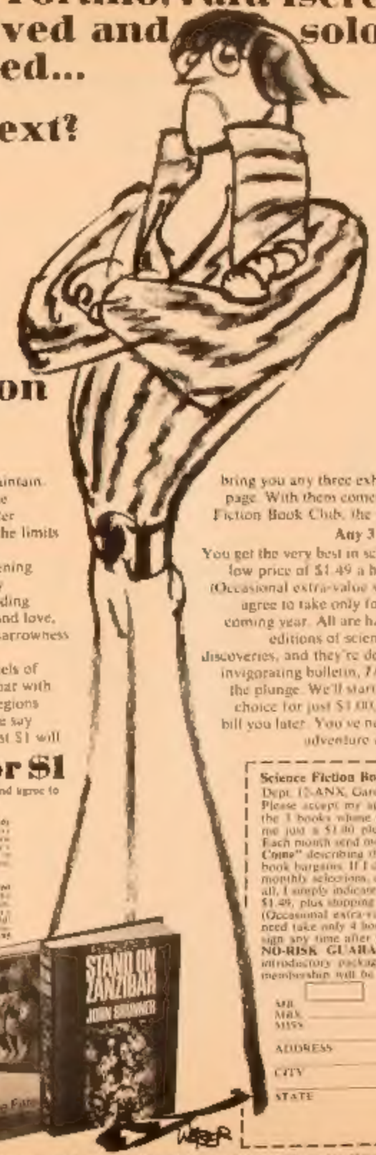
You've African safaried and Bali-hied... you've skied Portillo, Vald'Isère, Vail... you've skydived and soloed and spelunked...

What's next?



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SHOCKING!

This is the cover of a publication published in California. It was first printed in 1965, yet the issue still sells several thousand copies each year—without advertising until now! Until now because this magazine by its very nature of limited ad pending and censorship groups. Even now with the present day intelligent attitude toward censorship it is impossible for this ad to have our name, or any of our naughty copy and illustrations, but it does have a message for you. There IS a magazine that you will treasure and save and reread and show to your friends. A magazine that will be mailed to you by first class mail in a plain sealed envelope. There are four issues of this magazine-book available, each issue the result of over a year's work by its two creators, one artist and one writer. This is not a slick, toxic magazine full of ads and recipes, this is a purveyance of a magazine that believes nothing is sacred and that mankind is in trouble. This is a satirical magazine, this is a sex magazine, this is an adult magazine for readers with adult minds. You don't save the "slick" magazines you buy, now is the time to buy a magazine you will save. It never goes out of date. Its initials are HS. Send $5 for two issues or save time (and get a free cartoon book) by ordering all four available issues for $10. Mailed first class in plain sealed envelopes. This may well be the most important single purchase you make this year!

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Cold and Lonely Minneapolis bachelor seeks live-in partner. Box 14-3.

Unattached, Intellectual, Mature woman seeks correspondence and friendship with male counterpart. Box 14-6.

AestheTICS. 6 November 1971—Syed Iqbal Geoffrey will create the artist who shall supersede Caravaggio, El Greco, Whistler, Duchamps.

Gregarious Canadian Couple (33's) wish to meet fellow avant-gardists as they travel through North America. Send photo and phone number. Box 14-4.

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Politically Reactionary but sexually liberal male seeks correspondence with women of similar turn of mind. Box 14-5.

Montreal Artist seeks positive, joyously expressive soul for modeling. Phone: 931-2191.

Tempestuous Miami Beach exec., 37, wishes to escort female visitors. Box 14-2.

Pure Charity! A $4 contribution to Environmental Action, 2000 P St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036 will bring you a year's subscription to their dynamite biweekly.

N.Y Ramblers, club of congenial, sturdy hikers, invites new members, properly shod, athletically inclined, for strenuous all-day Sunday hikes through the Ramapos, Wyanokies, Catskills and other ranges within a fifty-mile radius of Manhattan. Contact: Ted Murphy, 3008 Ely Avenue, The Bronx.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Avant-Garde

I have never been so disappointed in any magazine as I was in your last issue, the one on "Portraits of the American People." Your other issues have been treasures, and I save them as collector's items, but your last issue was obviously used as filler to get out an issue and appease irate subscribers (like myself) who have been waiting for, but not getting, Avant-Garde. As far as I was concerned, there was nothing avant-garde about Turner's photos. I can see the same scenes any time I walk down just about any center-city slum avenue.

Garland Blair
Hodgenville, Ky.

To the Editor

I haven't been impressed with your magazine up till now, but #13, Portraits of the American People, is finally an Avant-Garde issue—the first time you've lived up to your name. I wasn't going to resubscribe, but after this issue, I most certainly will!

A.F. Hansen
Manhattan, Kan.

Dear Sirs,

Why waste an entire issue on mediocre photographs (of the great people, by a great magazine)?

Ashok Vora
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Picture Editor

Please accept my heartfelt congratulations on your formidable issue containing portraits of the American people.

Georg Russanow, M.D.
Allen Park, Mich.

Sirs (and Mams),

Two issues ago, you had "Dial-A-Hawk," in which you published the home numbers of America's war leaders. Recently I called Thaddeus Beal, Under Secretary of the Army, at 9:30 A.M. I reached his daughter, who explained that she is in the Women's Strike for Peace and that she and her husband have worked in peace groups to end the war. She said that "You should be happy that there are men in Washington like Thad Beal to counter the Abramses. He's working as hard as he can to end the war, but you don't realize what a mess the Army is. Dad's a Cambridge liberal gone to Washington, and he's sick and upset that he's been fisted in Dial-A-Hawk." She assured me that he's so disgusted with the Administration's attitude that "he's ready to get out." Further, she said that her father neither wears a uniform nor marches in parades. She sounded sincere (and a little distraught!).

Chuck Foley
Boston

Friends:

Using a number on your Dial-A-Hawk list, I phoned Albert E. Hayward, Director of Chemical Technology, Dept. of Defense, at his home. Mr. Hayward said that the nation's chemical and biological (C&B) warfare stockpiles were being drastically reduced, because of a Presidential proclamation, but he also admitted that the Dept. of Defense would keep a small stockpile of C&B weapons to use as a threat against an attack of the same kind.

Dave Bartelt
Milwaukee

Editor

After allowing a sufficient recovery period from the initial shock at finding the phone numbers, we entered into a discussion as to 1) Whom to call (funds are limited in this household). 2) How to express ourselves (if we actually reached someone), and 3) What questions to continue asking if whomever we reached actually spoke!

We decided to try the following men: Walter McGough Jr., Assistant Secretary of Defense for Threat Assessment (mainly because his title fascinated us), and Richard M. Helms, Director of CIA. The calls were placed from San Diego, at approximately 1:00 A.M. our time, which we felt was a reasonable hour there. Here's what happened:

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Him: "Hello?"
Us: "Secretary McGough?"

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Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states (so far) have banned their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has killed entire families.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That 51% of all fish sticks sold in America are bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a known cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth-hormone called *stilbestrol,* also a known cancer producer.

That even your drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water has become the fastest growing business in the United States!*

"Organic foods"—what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, anesthetized and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for you?* That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail for a collection of wild-and-wooly food "fadists," EFS was inspired by a distinguished group of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, our rivers. Encouraging them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-biodegradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products as a fair market price.*

BOARD OF ADVISORS

Harold Brody, Ph.D., Agricultural and Agricultural Consultant
John Emmerman, Environmentalist, Radiation Engineer
Columbia University
Dr. Kenneth Shamberg, Vice-Pres., NYSCA
Samuel Natcher, Microbiologist, A.S.M.

What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, when you order through the nationwide resources of the EFS.

That is because EFS prices are based on yearly averages. From crops to cruet, our manufacturers, growers, canners and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these few prices can be lowered—as month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Many members order their entire weekly or monthly food supply from the Society. Others buy just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

Free with your membership

You will receive the Society's COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. This is an illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl, fish, butter, milk, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them direct to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

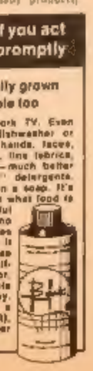
More than just foods

Your CATALOG offers virtually everything you need for a total organic environment. "Natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Bio-degradable paper-towels, containers, wastes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Youth-giving cosmetics—so nutritious you can even eat them. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-depressional light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products.

FREE if you act promptly

"BASIC-H" an organically grown cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But it's *not a detergent.* Or even a soap. It's completely organic—made from what food is made from. So it has no harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on network TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free, even if you later decide to cancel membership.



appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter (regularly $3.50 a year) will keep you alert to what is happening to, and to your environment. And what you can do about it now. Frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial products are (relatively) safe, which supermarket items to buy—and beware of. You will learn to read between the lines of pending legislation—and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in your neighborhood—for your family.

You will also benefit from the Society's continuing guide to organic living. How to choose healthful foods and a well balanced diet (low in contaminants, high in survival). Which commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—*with a complete listing by brand names.* What the so-called "popular" foods really contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

Plus terse abstracts of vital government reports. Names of people and agencies to write so (or scream at) for information and action NOW. And engineering for every diet from kosher, vegetarian and macrobiotic to salt-free, weight-less, high-protein and low-cholesterol.

Don't just hope things get better —help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and is whose interest is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is no law against it. Only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY
[illegible] East 40th Street, N.Y. N.Y. 10016

Yes, please enroll me in The EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) a free copy of THE COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS, (2) a free subscription (regularly $3.50 a year) to The EFS Newsletter, (3) the Society's continuing guide to organic living, and (4) the privilege of ordering as much or as little as I desire from the COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG of member prices. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of these above benefits and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, also include my free supply of BASIC-H, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not. ax-172

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ $5 membership fee enclosed
☐ charge my Master Charge #

Send This Boy To a Good French Restaurant Tonight!

This is little Doug Kenney. He's the Editor of the *National Lampoon*, the humor magazine. One $5.95 annual subscription to that hilarious publication will pay part of Doug's tab at a good restaurant tonight . . . or it'll pay for a haircut and a shave — if we could get him to take a haircut and a shave.

Possibly of greater importance, it will bring to you, each month, a magazine of absolutely no social significance but one that should evoke a helluva lot of laughter.

Lampoon thinks life is pretty damn funny. It picks on everybody: Nixon, Agnew, Hoffman, Rubin, Raquel, Dick and Liz, John and Martha, *Love Story*, *Ball Four*, even Mickey Mouse. Even you.

Subscribe to the *National Lampoon* today. Little Doug Kenney will love you for it.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 171
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to help those less fortunate than myself *and* subscribe to the *National Lampoon*. av-1

I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐

☐ 1-year subscription (12 issues) — $5.95 (you save $3.05)
☐ 2-year subscription (24 issues) — $10.50 (you save $7.50)
☐ 3-year subscription (36 issues) — $14.50 (you save $12.50)

Name_____
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Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Please be sure to include your correct zip code number

Him: "This is Mr. McGough." (A stress on the "Mr.")
Us: "The Assistant Secretary of Defense for Threat Assessment?"
Him: "Yes."
Us: "Could you tell us what your job entails?"
Him: "To assess technical level threats of the Soviet Union toward the United States."
Us: "Only the Soviet Union? You have nothing whatsoever to do with assessing the threats in Southeast Asia?"
Him: "No."
Us: "Is there anyone connected with the White House who does assess threats in Southeast Asia?"
Him: "I have no idea whatsoever."
Us: "Sir, what is your personal opinion of the war in Southeast Asia?"
Him: "My personal position has nothing whatsoever to do with my job."

We ended the conversation here, unfortunately, since we felt we really weren't getting anywhere.

We move to Richard Helms.

Ring...ring...

A woman answers.

Us: "Is this the Helms residence?"
Woman: "Yes." (pleasant voice.)
Us: "Is Mr. Helms there?"
Woman: "Yes, may I ask who's calling?"
(We inform her.)
Woman: "Just a moment."
(Man comes on phone.)
Him: "Hello?"
Us: "Mr. Helms?"
Him: "Yes."
Us: (We give names)... "guess the best way to describe ourselves is as concerned citizens. Are you aware, sir, that you have been labeled by Avant-Garde magazine as a 'leading hawk?' "
Silence...
Us: "Sir?"
CLICK!

Extremely anxious to hear other's experiences.

Karla Rodgers and Mary Bishop
San Diego, Calif.

Boys,

My most funniest and memorable sexual adventure happen on a farm, on a summer night while everybody else went ridding. My girl firend & I stayed back. Well it started off when we begin to play a game called punk (nude). For those who don't know what punk is, it's when both partner start pulling at each others genitals & buttock, it is played to make both people erotic. We ended up in a pig pen, but when we saw David & Lisa, two pigs, in the mud fucking, the stink and the oinking of the pigs turn us on. So we jumped in with them and started doing the soixante neof. All of us in the mud, it was lovely and good for our complexion. Can you print this?

Anthony M. Ward
Los Angeles

To the Editors of Avant-Garde:

The inside margins of Avant-Garde are much too narrow. Perhaps the idea was to make each doublepage spread a unit, with good margins running horizontally across both pages and vertically at the outside edges. However, even if such an effect were desirable, it could not compensate for the nuisance of having to force the magazine flat every time you turn a page to be able to read it all.

I must also comment on the squib accompanying the reproductions of Tom Wesselman's stuff, "Matisse-derived color forms"? Hardly. Could you have been thinking of Leger, who made women look like bent pipes? Wesselman makes them appear all rubber and plastic. This is "sensual"? Much abstract art, particularly the expressionistic, is more so. Wesselman's nudes are generally rigid, compulsive, anti-female, and about as sensual as a toilet plunger.

Henry Steig
Provincetown, Mass.

Brothers,

In re your article on the underground press, I thought you might like to know that Georgia state officials have recently stopped the State Library for the Blind from sending out tapes of The Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta's radical weekly. The federally-financed library had been sending out tapes of the Bird in response to requests from blind people throughout the state. Despite intervention by the state, blind people in Georgia will continue to get the Bird because staffers of the paper (with a little help from our friends) are continuing to send out the tapes, paying for them out of our own pockets.

Terry Franklin
The Great Speckled Bird
P.O. Box 54495
Atlanta, Georgia 30308

Dear Editor,

I'd like to second Linda Walker's request, in a letter-to-the-editor in your last issue, for pictures showing the male

ASPEN THE MULTI-MEDIA MAGAZINE INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF OUR

DREAMWEAPON

Portfolio Issue

FREE

WITH A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

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- Calligraphy Booklet (Japan w/ case)
- 8 Fact Tickets to Universal Mutant Photos

Physical Dimensions
- Height: 10½ in.
- Length: 14½ in.
- Weight: 1 inch
- Volume: 118.25 cu. in.
- Media Formats: 10
- Total Items: 16
- Price: $4 U.S.A. £1-14s Gt. Britain ¥1440 Japan

Contributors
- Argus Wartski
- Diane Rochlin
- Marian Zazeela
- Ira Cohen
- Tony Conrad
- Dan Snyder
- Terry Riley
- Gerard Malanga
- John Cale
- Paul Lyons
- Nikki Grand
- Hyman Cohen
- Lionel Ziprin
- Tom Carroll
- Dale Wilkerson
- Bernie Friedman
- Ayman de Sales
- Christopher Tree
- Harry Marshall

A PANDORA'S BOX OF AVANT-GARDE WIT & WHIMSEY, FUN & GAMES

ASPEN's Interactive Dreamweapon Portfolio is $4. But you can get it FREE by mailing the coupon.

Here in 118.25 cubic inches of LP records, posters, triptychs, montages and fold-outs are the most talented (and talked about) tradition-toppers in Europe and America today. Painters, sculptors, composers, film-makers, musicians, satirists, poets, (as well as experimenters so far afield the art world can't even agree on what to call them yet). Here's what they've contributed to Dreamweapon:

- LP record side 1: Christopher Tree's "Spontaneous Sound. Incredible *ad libitum* performance by one man on 150 exotic instruments: drums, gongs, flutes, reeds, Tibetan temple horn, etc.
- LP record side 2: "The Joyous Lake." Fantasmagorical (and gloriously unexplored) combinations of rock, electronic and environmental sound.
- "Chronicle of the Knowers," sensuous gallery of Fluorescent Paintings by Hetty MacLise, erstwhile Zentgeist of the San Francisco Oracle.
- Illuminated triptych (opens to 2.16 feet) of Mayan musical scores and glyphs by Ayman de Sales.
- "Icons of a 20th Century Nature Priestess." Diane Rochlin's pungent 792 sq. inch (3-phase) photo-montage created on farm near Positano, Italy.
- "Soul of the World," intricate Calligraphy Booklet printed in Japan (opens to 3½-yard sheet) by light-sound sculptress Marian Zazeela.
- 8½-inch poetic exposition of "Dream Music" by La Monte Young, one of America's most adventurous composers.
- A disquieting 4-foot "frieze" of Universal Mutant Photographs (in color) by Ira Cohen.
- A vertical diptych of the illuminated Adages of CORRALECAN (21 new pursuits within tools-needed) suitable for framing.
- 36 psychedelic nudes projected as full color postage stamps by Don Snyder: mixed media alchemist.
- Mandala music score by virtuoso Terry Riley.
- 17 section (648 sq. inches—please unfold carefully) photo-poetry poster by Gerard Malanga. Burroughsian film-maker/poet on loathers. John Cale, high priest of Rhapsodic Cynicism. Paul Sonni, et al's.
- 17-inch vertical fold-out of opening 24 pages from "Sentential Metaphrastic," an 1100-page work-in-progress by Lionel Ziprin of the East 7th St. labyrinth.
- 16-page portfolio of chemically stained classic Western movie frames by Bernie Friedman.

WORLD'S ONLY MULTI-MEDIA MAGAZINE

ASPEN gives you actual works of art! Exactly as the artist created them. In exactly the media he created them for. When a new issue arrives you don't just read it—you hear it, hang it, feel it, fly it, smell it, taste it, fold it, wear it, shake it, even project it on your living room wall.

ASPEN reports on experiments in avant garde cinema by literally sending the experiments to you on 8mm film! It covers a brilliant sculptor's new work by sending materials and instructions to create an actual replica of the sculpture itself! It introduces the eerie aleatory music of Gordon Mumma by actually sending you an LP recording of his latest work for French Horn and Cybernetic Console! It illustrates the delicate beauty of Oriental art by actually enclosing a breath-taking hand Dynastic (11th Century) tinted landscape scroll for your wall!

FORTHCOMING ASPEN BOXES (included in your subscription)

FAR EAST ISSUE—Postponed till now because of difficulties in assembling, rolling and shipping the right delicate Chinese scrolls from abroad). Contents include: FIVE ROLLED SCROLLS (1) Kuo Hsi landscape, Sung dynasty, 11th century. (2) calligraphy scroll from Palace Museum on Taiwan. (3) Ch'an masterpiece by Yu-Chien. (4) yard-long frieze of Indian temple sculpture. (5) Tibetan thanka. PLUS miniature screens from the Shoko Zen Temple in Kyoto ■ Raipur miniatures from India ■ Zen parable cards ■ Fan-fold books ■ Even a dragon kite you can assemble and fly yourself (local ordinances permitting) ■ And much more ■ All scrolls and "articles" are scented with incense. Truly an issue to hang all over the house!

BUCKMINSTER FULLER ISSUE—Each "article" opens into a geodesic dome or other three- (or "true") dimensional construct, several feet in size.

WILDERNESS ISSUE—for young (and old) idealists, includes: near-full-length book on The Young Mountain Climbers—America's most exclusive outdoor group (sort of "Hell's Angels on pitons") ■ Columbine Survival Kit (reviving neglected art of living off the land (how to bivouac elegantly, why German wines take high altitude better than French, etc.) ■ Inside the Alpine Underground Bonsai Movement, a fanatic ecological revolutionary group ruthlessly deployed not Right or Left, but Above and Below—and much more.

SOME ASPEN CONTRIBUTORS

Lionel Trilling	Alain Robbe-Grillet
Peanuts Murko	Susan Sontag
Mayles Brothers	Samuel Beckett
Ivan Renoir	William Burroughs
Dr. Karl Menninger	Mehely-Nagy
Andy Warhol	Marcel Duchamp
Willem de Kooning	Confucius, Gautama Buddha and numerous Zen priests (names on request)
Timothy Leary	
Marshall McLuhan	
John Cage	Buckminster Fuller
Cockmatch	and many more

CLAIM YOUR DREAMWEAPON PORTFOLIO FREE

But make haste. The Portfolio comprises many parts, created and produced separately, in different media, by different processes, then combined, collated and individually assembled and shipped. We cannot simply run off a million or so copies at the drop of a hat like *Reader's Digest* or *Life Magazine*. Which means the supply is extremely limited. Please act promptly to claim your $4.00 Dreamweapon Portfolio FREE with a subscription to ASPEN, now on a regular publishing schedule.

Mail to: ASPEN MAGAZINE, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, New York 10014

Yes, ship ASPEN's Dreamweapon Portfolio, FREE with my introductory subscription. ASPEN (published quarterly) costs $18 a year at the single-copy price, but my introductory Rate is only $12.95 for a full year plus free Dreamweapon (A total saving of $7.05 off the single copy price.) If not completely delighted I may return Dreamweapon within 30 days to cancel my subscription without obligation. My money will be promptly refunded in full.

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☐ Save me $12.90. Send two years of ASPEN (plus free Dreamweapon) for which I enclose only $23.90. av-23

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Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

"Stash" bag designed for rapid disposal

THE AVANT GARDE EMPORIUM

110 WEST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018

If you're a knowledgeable head, this is your bag. The Avant-Garde Stash Bag will carry everything you need for a heavy trip. Made to resemble a wallet or passport case of black morocco, the Avant-Garde Stash Bag is designed for rapid disposal. The only thing not high about it is its price: a mere $5 (a "nickel" bag). We cover all shipping costs.

The Avant-Garde Emporium
110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

Yes, I want to keep it together. Here's $_____ for _____ Avant-Garde Stash Bags at $5 each.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

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completely nude. Some of us women in our late thirties need a boost, too.

Bridgette Newman
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

I would like to compliment your fine staff for the brilliant Truth of Life that cries out from between the covers of each issue.

Jos. W. Watkins
Wichita, Kan.

Gentlemen:

Art today is being slaughtered, and Avant-Garde magazine is abetting the slaughter. Art is being victimized by its own triviality. Art ignores crises, and fools itself with the pursuit of irrelevant aesthetics, while the political system oppresses people and destroys human life.

Art today glories in its own self-importance and false values. It glorifies property instead of relating to people. It has become property. Art is guilty of the worst sort of crime against human beings: silence. Art is satisfied with being an aesthetic machinery, satisfied with being a continuum of itself and its so-called history, while in fact it has become the supreme instrument through which our repressive society idealizes its image.

Art is used today to distract people from the urgency of their crises. Through dehumanization, art has become devitalized; in most of the arts practiced today, the very substance of emotion is purposely lacking. Emotion, instead of being expressed, is being repressed, and Avant-Garde magazine is an engine for this repression.

Sharba Ali
New York City

Gentlemen:

An odd paradox: I am an extremely conservative, ultra-establishment-type, middle-aged doctor, yet I enjoy your magazine tremendously!

James B. Ridley, M.D.
Englewood, N.J.

Friends,

Here is my sub renewal. You have a great mag, and a whole university full of supporters here at the University of Michigan.

Widdicombe S. Schmidt
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

In a combat zone in Vietnam, a black man holds his wounded white buddy and weeps in sorrow. And in the States, back in most any town the black and white man preach "hate" against each other.

A Marine in Hue, crawls up a flag pole, blood in his hands, to rip down a Communist flag. While in the States, a student wraps himself in a Communist flag to show defiance against his country.

A company on sweep, near the DMZ takes 30% casualties, because the guns from the North fire once more. In Washington they halt the bombing of North Vietnam, my enemy has already fired his guns.

On a hospital ship off the coast of Vietnam, a Navy medical man works nine hours to save the life of a wounded soldier. While on a campus in Berkeley, California, a student lies on a dirty cot, donating blood for my enemy.

The Armed Forces of the United States has lost over 28,000 men in Vietnam since 1965. The protestors, hippies, yippies and power leaders have lost relatively few.

Now we ask America, "WHY?"

Cpl. J.H. Gibson
(A Marine in Vietnam who believes you bastards ain't got the balls to print this letter)

Letters to the Beautiful Editors:

On behalf of this beautiful magazine, and all the beautiful people everywhere, I am reaching out a warm heart and a friendly hand to all you wonderful servicemen all over the world, especially Vietnam. If you are in need of companionship, or just someone to love, please write me, and either myself, or one of my many warm-hearted colleagues (girls!) will do our best to make you happy wherever you may be.

Grace Puglisi
842 Brush Hollow Rd.
Westbury, L.I., N.Y. 11590

EDITOR:

I DO NOT SELL NUDE PHOTOGRAPHS! I'M NOT A DEALER IN NUDE PHOTOGRAPHS!! AS A RESULT OF MY LETTER PUBLISHED IN YOUR LAST ISSUE, OVER 50 READERS HAVE INFERRED THAT I AM A NUDE PICTURE DEALER. I AM A COLLECTOR, NOT A DEALER!!!!!

JOSEPH C. SALAK
DE LAND, FLORIDA

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If you order at the maximum discount of 81%, then the price you may have formerly paid for only one book will now bring you up to five books. Or, said another way: five $5.95 books, originally published at $29.75, might now be purchased (through your card) for as little as $5.96. A total difference of $23.79. In any event, no cardholder will ever pay full price for any item purchased.

Here are some typical orders processed by our IBM-S/360 computers during a typical week. (Note: No comment, criticism or endorsement of any book, publisher or author is implied or intended. Prices subject to change.)

Title	Pub. at	Card Price
GLOSSARY OF THE CONSTRUCTION, ORIGIN & USE OF ARMS & ARMOR	$50.00	$ 9.95
AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	9.00	6.93
BIRDS OF PREY OF THE WORLD	25.00	9.93
COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN, 21 stereo LPs, boxed	100.00	19.65
JAMES BEARD OUTDOOR COOKBOOK	12.50	5.69
COWLES COMPREHENSIVE ENCYCLOPEDIA, 3 vols. unabridged	40.00	9.95
DICTIONARY OF ECOLOGY	10.00	3.98
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THE SEXUAL SYMBOLISM OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY WARNER BROWN

Of late, a great many Americans have been going ape over the American flag. Led by men universally celebrated for their culture and learning—I refer to cops, construction workers, and editors of the *Reader's Digest*—hordes of Americans have pasted tiny American flags on their cars, inserted flag pins in their lapels, and donned flag-emblazoned neckties and cufflinks. Getting into the spirit of things, some ladies have taken to wearing American flag miniskirts, while others have crawled into American flag girdles—before the scandalized Daughters of the American Revolution put a stop to it. Meanwhile, gleeful flag-manufacturers report that sales are booming as never before. There's no denying it: a lot of Americans are rallying around the flag.

Well, we Americans *are* a flag-loving nation. The United States was the first country in the world to have a Flag Day, the first country to have a Pledge of Allegiance to the flag, the first country to have a flag etiquette code. Ours is the *only* country in the world that has made the flag the main subject of its national anthem—the "Star-Spangled Banner." And unlike most other countries of the world, where national flags fly just over ships and public buildings, here in America our flag flies over private homes and business establishments, at horse races and ball parks and in schools, and nowadays it's even painted, according to *Newsweek*, "on rest-room walls."

Now, there's nothing wrong with honoring the flag. The flag symbolizes the United States, and there have been many things this country can be proud of. There are still one or two. Besides, ever since 1968, when Congress passed a law assessing one year in prison and fines up to $1000 against anyone who publicly "casts contempt, by word or act," upon the flag, a writer has to be very, very careful. Still, Truth must be served, and it must be pointed out that there are some people whose love for the American flag seems a bit—well, *funny*. To these folks, the American flag does not represent, as the Supreme Court once said, "government resting on the consent of the governed; liberty regulated by law; protection of the weak against the strong; security against the exercise of arbitrary power...." Oh no, to them the American flag—to put it plainly—seems to represent a sexual fetish.

I am, of course, referring to those flagitious construction workers in New York City, who rioted because one flag atop City Hall was at half-staff to mourn the murder of four students at Kent State University.

And to those cops who insist on wearing American flag buttons in their lapels or American flag emblems on their coats.

And to those judges all across the land who throw everything but the kitchen sink at anyone caught *in flagrante delicto*, specifically,

- the judge in St. Louis, who, upon being told that Victor Saff, a war veteran, had said he would never be a soldier again, ordered him to *kiss* the flag.
- those judges in the state of Washington, who ordered the three minor children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bolling taken away from them. The Bollings are Jehovah's Witnesses, and their children—for religious reasons—would not stand up for the Pledge of Allegiance. The kids were expelled; no other school would take them; they were hauled before a juvenile court as juvenile delinquents, and taken away from their parents. (A superior court, thank God, gave the kids back.)
- the judge in Arkansas who fined Joe Johnson for refusing to honor the flag. Mr. Johnson, who was on welfare, had said of the flag, "It don't mean anything to me. It's got no eyes and can't see, no ears and can't hear, no mouth and can't speak."

- the judge in Cincinnati who gave five kids 30 days to a year in jail for tearing down a flag during a protest demonstration last March 7.
- the judge in Philadelphia who set $25,000 bail on each of five young people caught picnicking on the American flag.
- the New York City judge who threw a 16-year-old bookstore clerk into jail because his store carried a poster of an American flag with the peace symbol in its canton instead of stars.
- the judge in Washington, D.C., who convicted Abbie Hoffman for wearing a flag shirt. (Hoffman has gone on to more flagrant offenses—he's been seen blowing his nose into a flag handkerchief.
- the judge in Massachusetts who sentenced a 19-year-old youth from Leominster, Massachusetts to a year in jail for sewing Old Glory to the seat of his trousers.

And, in this catalogue of flag-fetishists, let us not neglect those members of Congress who recently passed a law against the defacing of the flag, although most states already have such laws; and specifically,

- Representative James H. Quillen (R., Tenn.), who stated: "Anything short of a firing squad would not be too severe."
- Representative W.E. Brock (R., Tenn.), who declared: "Mutilation of the flag is not by any stretch of the imagination—a legitimate form of protest. It is to my mind disgraceful, unforgivable behavior that borders on treason."
- Representative Mason O'Neal (D., Ga.), who said: "It is high time we prosecute some of these people for sedition."
- Representative James A. Haley (D., Fla.), who suggested that we take flag-defilers "about 500 miles out in the ocean and handcuff them, chain the anchor around their neck and throw them overboard."
- Finally, Representative Richard Lewis Roudebush (R., Ind.), who urged that beach towels, pillows, and women's underwear decorated with the flag be banned.

What makes the current flagjag so curious is that the Founders of our Republic were not the least bit fetishistic. The national flag was created by Congress in 1777—"Resolved: that the flag of the United States be made of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This flag was never carried during the Revolutionary War; it wasn't even intended to be used on land, but at sea—ships needed identification, else they would be mistaken for pirate ships. In fact, the flag wasn't introduced to the army until 1834, and wasn't carried into battle until the Mexican-American War of 1846. And just how devoted Benjamin Franklin and John Adams were to the new flag is revealed by a letter they wrote to the King of Naples in 1778 describing the new flag: "It is with pleasure that we acquaint your Excellency that the flag of the United States of America consists of 13 stripes, alternately red, white and blue...."

In 1794, someone suggested that Congress add two more stars to the flag, for Vermont and Kentucky, and all hell broke loose. Smith of Vermont decried the enormous expense of changing the flag; Goodhue of Massachusetts called the whole thing "a trifling business, which ought not to engross the attention of the House, when it has its duty to discuss matters of infinitely greater importance." His colleague, Thatcher, called the bill "a consummate piece of frivolity." Niles of Vermont lamented that the bill had even "for a moment" detained the House from truly important business. Just to get the damned thing out of the way, the bill was hastily passed.

Throughout the 19th century, flag-fever was held in check. The *Boston Herald* expressed a common feeling when it referred to flag-raisings as "the worship of a textile fabric."

The flag-fetishists came into their own in 1912. That's when President Taft issued an order standardizing the flag—the hoist to be 1, the fly 1.9, the hoist of the union .5385, the fly of the union .76, the diameter of a star .0616, the width of a stripe .0769, etc., ad nauseam. Then came the etiquette code—in 1923—developed by such unregenerate organizations as the D.A.R. and the American Legion. In 1942, Congress passed its own etiquette code. And in 1968, as noted, Congress went whole hog—doling out harsh penalties to anyone defiling the flag. (One Congressman even suggested an automatic five-year sentence.)

It is, of course, highly significant that flag-fetishism made its greatest gains at a time when the male was losing his traditional dominance in American society, at a time when he was losing so many accustomed props to his virility. Because, according to the psychoanalysts, a fetish is always a particular sexual symbol. And a flag happens to be a *double* sexual symbol. Now, I'm not going to tell you in so many words just what a flag is a double symbol *of*. Let's see if you can figure it out all by yourself.

Typically, a flag is raised and lowered from a long, stiff pole—according to the etiquette code, the staff should be "stationary" (no bending or wobbling permitted). Atop the staff is often a round ball. Interestingly, there has always been a lot of competition over the height of flag staffs. For instance, our friend General Kerrick reports: "The impracticability of erecting [that's the word he used] flag poles of excessive height was demonstrated by the erection [uh huh] of a 218-foot, tubular steel flag staff in Swope Park, Kansas City, Mo." As it turned out, strong men couldn't get the flag up. Still, as Kerrick points out, steel is better than wood: "Wooden flag poles crack, warp, check, and splinter before and after erection [gulp!]...."

As for the flag itself, by law it has to be twice as long as it is wide. Everybody prefers looking at the flag when it's stiffened by the wind—not when it's limp and full of creases and folds. (On the windless moon, the astronauts placed a flag kept erect by wire.) There's also competition over who has the biggest flag—last Flag Day, the J.L. Hudson Department Store in Detroit unfurled the biggest in the world: 1600 pounds, 104 feet by 235 feet. Some people, just for realism, have flags with lots of fringe attached—fringe being hairlike appendages. A flag expert, Gordon Campbell, writes in his *Book of Flags*: "A piece of coloured cloth fluttering in the breeze is not merely beautiful but impressing and stirring. It almost seems as if it were alive...." George Santayana has written of the strange power of flags—a flag, any flag, seems to impress the people watching it.

Now let us examine some of the more scandalous sections of the official American etiquette code:

"The flag should be hoisted briskly and lowered ceremoniously."

"No other flag or pennant should be placed above or, if on the same level, to the right of the flag of the United States...."

"The flag of the United States of America should be at the center and at the highest point of a group when a number of flags are grouped and displayed from staffs....When the flags are flown from adjacent staffs, the flag of the United States should be hoisted first and lowered last."

"...the flag should not be dipped to any person or thing."

"The flag should never touch anything beneath it...."

Finally, be reminded that "striking the colors"—taking a flag down—is a sign of surrender. Hoisting your flag above another's flag is a

sign of victory. Most countries dip their flags as a sign of respect—the United States, significantly, being an exception. Be reminded, too, that early American flags had serpents, coiled rattlesnakes, rifles, cannons, and pine or palmetto trees on them—all common sexual symbols. And that pieces of famous flags are preserved like religious relics: West Point, for example, treasures a fragment of the flag concealed when Corregidor fell in 1942. And that when flags were still being carried in battle, it was considered *de rigueur* for someone to gather up the flag when the regular flagbearer was wounded. At this point, perhaps you will understand why Francis Scott Key was so astonished that, after a terrible night of battle, the American flag was still up next morning.

And then there was that item in *Newsweek*. Mrs. Joseph Jedlovec of Winfield, Illinois, began flying the flag day and night, in honor of her son who had just returned home from Vietnam. Then the cops rushed in, confiscating the flag—normally it's not supposed to be flown at night. Thereupon, Joseph Jedlovec, her husband, became so furious that he—yes, you guessed it—went out and sawed down the pole!

And then there was that stirring episode during the Revolutionary War. As history has it, General Robert Stark said during an important battle, "Tonight the American flag floats over yonder hill or Molly Stark sleeps a widow." In other words, if the symbol isn't erect, what it symbolizes won't be either. (The Good Lord generously saw to it that both of them flew that night.)

Just in case you're *still* in the dark, let me give you just one more hint. In 1967, the Stephen Radich art gallery in New York began displaying constructions by an artist named Marc Morrel. One was, as *Life* magazine described it, "a construction in the shape of a tall cross that hung from the ceiling. It was made in part of church flags, but its most noticeable feature was the flag of the United States, which was shaped as a phallus. Where it was affixed to the main body of the construction, there was a smattering of gold-flag-fringe." Mr. Radich was later convicted of desecrating the flag by a three-man court, and given a choice of 60 days in jail or a $500 fine. Observed the court: "...a reasonable man would consider the wrapping of a phallic symbol with the flag an act of dishonor."

Well, if you *must* have it spelled out for you, the flag represents a double phallus. And it is the phallicism of the flag that explains why cops and construction workers—many of whom went into these dangerous occupations to demonstrate their virility—cannot abide seeing the flag defaced, or even flown at half-mast. "Get it up! Get it up!" those unhappy construction workers shouted.

Incidentally, according to psychoanalysts, hats are phallic symbols, too. What they would make of *hard* hats isn't difficult to guess.

We have, it is clear, satisfactorily explained the motivation of those peculiar people, the flag-fetishists: To them the flag is their phallus, and forever may it wave. But what of the ordinary men and women who flaunt the flag? Who put stickers on their cars and wear flag pins in their lapels?

Is it because the American flag is so beautiful? To me, it's rather garishly colored, and far too "busy." (I wrote to John Canaday, art critic of the *New York Times*, for his opinion, and he wrote back: "When a design has become as familiar as the flag, it is impossible to judge it purely as a design. It is too strongly tied to associations built up before one's consciousness that this symbol is also a design. At least that is the case with me.")

Is it because, as Whitney Smith suggests, Americans have no royal family, and therefore "have turned the flag into the highest symbol of their nation"? That wouldn't explain the *current* flag-madness.

To find an answer to this puzzling question, I decided to consult one of the nation's leading experts on flagomania—52-year-old John Joseph of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey.

Mr. Joseph is a successful toy inventor, a founder of Bergen County's American Civil Liberties Union, head of New Jersey's Americans for Democratic Action, and a member of the Unitarian church in Paramus. He's a retired first lieutenant in the Air Force, having served from 1940 to 1945, and he saw active duty in India and China. He and his wife have two daughters, attending top-flight colleges, and a son who's a lawyer.

Back in 1964, the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus in Joseph's hometown got together and created a pennant, reading "One Nation Under God," which they began flying from flagpoles, right beneath the American flag. The idea was to protest against the Supreme Court's decision to keep prayers out of public schools. Soon the Mayor of Hasbrouck Heights had the pennant flying from the flagpole at borough hall, and soon after, a host of New Jersey towns began following suit. Mr. Joseph complained about it; he even took the matter before a Grand Jury. As a result, his neighbors snubbed him, and most of *them* began flying "One Nation Under God" pennants. Mr. Joseph retaliated by hoisting his own American flag, and flying below it a banner that read, "God Bless Our Neighbors."

Now, Mr. Joseph happens to believe in God as well as in the separation of church and state; he also happens to believe that the American flag should fly *alone*. In fact, he's against putting the peace symbol on the flag. But his attempt to get the "One Nation Under God" pennants removed was unsuccessful, although the whole thing provided a good deal of levity. Someone suggested that Hawaii, where most people are Oriental, fly a "One Nation Under Buddha" pennant; others suggested pennants reading, "Gross National Product 100 Billion Dollars" and "This Space for Rent." No one, alas, got the idea of flying a pennant reading, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion."

Just a few months ago, however, Mr. Joseph struck again. Right after Nixon's invasion of Cambodia, and the murder of the Kent State students, Mr. Joseph hoisted an American flag on his flagpole—upside down, an international distress signal. Attached to the flag he flew a white rag, smeared with red paint. It didn't exactly make a hit. Somebody tore the flag down, and Mr. Joseph proceeded to hang it, and the rag, from a balcony. People drove by and shook their fists at the house, and some threw eggs and rocks. Joseph got threatening phone calls—"Joseph, we're going to burn down your house on Memorial Day," said an educated voice—and he went out and hired a private detective. Eventually Joseph was charged with defiling the flag, and—because he's a law-abiding citizen, and doesn't believe in teasing the animals—he took the flag and rag down.

I wrote to Mr. Joseph requesting an interview, and a few days later visited his modern home, with Japanese balconies, on a hill overlooking Route 17 and Teterboro Airport. Joseph is a small man with gray hair, he talks quickly, smokes big cigars, and gives the impression of enjoying life tremendously.

"Since you're one of the world's leading flagellants, please tell me what all the flag-madness is about," I asked.

"Most people are children," he told me, "and they want to have faith in their father, Mr. Nixon. A great many of them are worried sick over what's happening to this country, and what this country is doing, but they also feel that if they fly the flag, if they support the Administration blindly, all of our troubles will go away. The flag has become a magical religious relic, like those plastic statues of Jesus that people put on the dashboards of their cars. Those statues will keep you from having an auto accident, and flying the flag will make sure that America remains the great country it once was."

Before I left Mr. Joseph, he made one more interesting, and scary, observation. He was in France during the rise of Nazi Germany, and he observed the swastika-madness among the Germans. They wore swastikas on their clothing, on their cars, on their ashtrays. If you didn't have a swastika in Germany then, you might have been headed for trouble.

It's a good explanation—people are worried, so they're flying the flag to reassure themselves, just as people whistle when they walk by cemeteries.

But I think there's one more interpretation of the flag-madness. I think that the flag has become a kind of drug, and when people fly the flag, they automatically have a comforting pipe-dream.

The pipe-dream is the world of our childhood, when we sang songs like "You're a Grand Old Flag," "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," and "The Stars and Stripes Forever." (Older people will recall that World War I song, "If I Had a Son for Every Star in Old Glory, Uncle Sam, I'd Give Them All to You.") There were those wonderful poems, like "Hats off! The Flag is passing by!" and "Barbara Frietchie." There was that stirring story of Betsy Ross, and how she sewed the first flag for George Washington. In school assemblies, we enthusiastically saluted the flag, proud of our country. We were fighting Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini; we were the hope of the free world. We thrilled to the sight of those six soldiers planting Old Glory on Iwo Jima, knowing that three of those men were later killed there. When we were small, the flag *was* a great symbol.

Some of us went on to discover that Barbara Frietchie of Frederick, Maryland, denied flying the flag when General Jackson's troops came into town. We learned that thrice-married Betsy Ross did *not* sew the first flag. We learned that new members of the Ku Klux Klan were required to kneel and kiss Old Glory. We discovered that during the Civil War, Karl Marx—the father of Communism—wrote that "the working men of Europe felt instinctively that the Star-Spangled Banner carried the destiny of their class." And we read e.e. cummings' great poem about a conscientious objector, "I sing of Olaf glad and big," with its brave line, "I will not kiss your fucking flag." The bloom was forever off the rose.

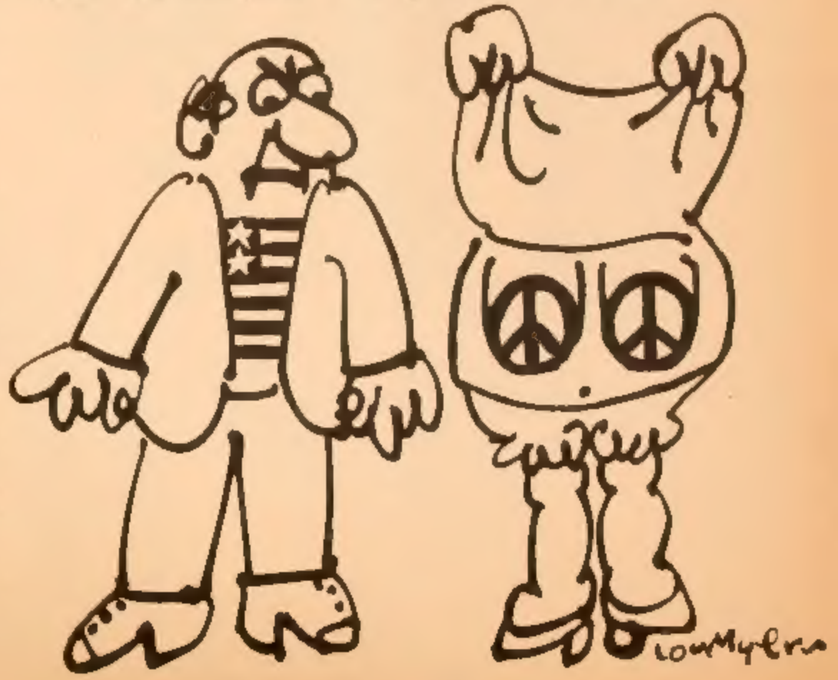
But to many people, the flag still serves to summon up sweet remembrances of things past, when our country fought wars that were unquestionably just, when our troops didn't commit atrocities, when blacks didn't complain and students didn't protest, when no one referred to the flag as Old Glory, or the Scars and Strifes, or the War-Mangled Banner, when our President was Franklin Delano Roosevelt and not Richard Nixon. Today, for these people, the flag—like Proust's madeleine—still carries them back to those warm and wonderful days. In short, the flag has become the middle-aged, middle-class American's marijuana.

There are, fortunately, some sane voices left in the land. A judge in Long Island threw out the case against Mrs. Elizabeth Hubner, who had flown the flag upside down to protest the war. (She had been arrested and, not being able to make bail, spent time in jail.) Two judges in Nassau County ruled that it is not illegal to superimpose a peace symbol on the American flag.

But perhaps the sanest view of all was the one that appeared in the magazine *The Christian Century* a few years ago. It deserves reprinting:

We find burning abhorrent, whether it's the burning of houses, fields, books, flags, or people. But we can see an Amos or a Thomas Jefferson or a Tom Paine burning a flag for a cause...

What constitutes desecration of the flag? We have some candidates: the stinking ghettos into which big cities pack frustrated, embittered, helpless Negroes; the delaying tactics by which southern politicians keep Negroes from coming into their heritage as U.S. citizens; the disgraceful life the nation imposes on American Indians, Spanish-Americans, and migrant workers; the humiliations to which the country still subjects the aged and the insane; the preoccupation of the country with power and pleasure—these, for a start, desecrate the flag far more than any outraged Negro who spits on it or any reckless white youth who burns it. Then there is Vietnam. We have taken a mammoth modern war to a little people 7,000 miles from the United States. And while our Congress argues about people who burn a bit of bunting, the United States scorches land, blows up humble homes and burns thousands of people to death or until they pray to die. That, more than anything else, desecrates our flag, making it one of the most distrusted and feared banners around the world. How agitated we become when someone insults our flag, but every day in a hundred different ways we defile it, trample its spirit, drag through the dirt the principles it represents. If we do not try at home and abroad to redeem what the flag represents, then it will become a meaningless token, an idle gesture, a fiction. And when that happens the flag will be beyond desecration.



High Time

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARY ELLEN MARK

"THE MACHINE I HATE THE MOST"

BY JAMES A. LOVELL JR., DAVID FROST, ALLEN GINSBERG, BESS MYERSON GRANT, VIVA, CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS, ARTHUR GODFREY, THE CHAIRMAN OF IBM, AND OTHERS

Ten years ago, no one would have believed that the telephone, the automobile and super-fast airplanes would ever come under fierce attack, but nowadays every decent straight thinking American is ready to throw a rock at AT&T, General Motors, and the airplane-makers. America is witnessing, for the first time in her history, a revolt against the machine.

Perhaps it all began with the Big Blackout of 1965, when New Yorkers discovered how cozy and comfortable life could be by candlelight. Perhaps it was the incredible expense and frivolity of sending a few men to the moon. Or perhaps it was automation which has helped throw so many people out of work. Whatever the cause of the revolt, some radicals are even suggesting that we set up a new society of Luddites—named after the 19th-century band of Englishmen who went around smashing machines.

To find out which machines are hated most, Avant-Garde polled 35 celebrities. We received some expected and familiar nominations: the car, the SST, pneumatic drills. But even we machine-haters were surprised to see on the list, the refrigerator, the jukebox and—yes—the printing press.

COMPILED BY DOROTHY BATES

James A. Lovell Jr., astronaut

I consider all trucks with diesel engines that belch black smoke from their pipes to be a menace to the populace, as they constantly pollute the air that we breathe.

David Frost, writer & TV host

Pneumatic drills and above all the machines that spray insecticides—ever since encountering a modern enlightened farmer in East Anglia, England, who pointed with pride to one of his fields and said "Look, they're spraying a new insecticide on the vegetables that will be absolutely fatal to every bird, animal, or insect that comes in contact with it. Isn't it wonderful?" "Maybe," I said. But isn't it possible that the insecticide will prove absolutely fatal to every human being who comes in contact with the vegetables?" Replied the farmer: "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

Tuli Kupferberg, poet & philosopher

The printing press. It requires people like the editors of Avant-Garde to bother me with stupid questions. But seriously, the problem is not in machines but in ourselves. It is obvious some forms, like the fucking A-bomb, etc., have to go, but even a battleship could be converted into a wierd *peaceful* floating commune. Think of it: hundreds of collections of freaks visiting each others' barbwicks all over the world! What a party!

David Amram, composer & conductor

The jukebox. We should rip out all jukeboxes and replace each one with a live musician. Everyone would join in and the entire spirit of the nation would change for the better. When I travel in Europe, Africa or South America, I am immediately struck by how lustily people sing in public. In this respect, America is a culturally deprived nation—thanks in part to the jukebox.

Clive Barnes, Drama Critic of The New York Times

Yo-yo's. I've never been able to make one work. I've been humiliated by them ever since childhood. Everyone can work yo-yo's, even in plays I've even seen people throw them up in the air and they always come back—but for me they never come back.

Viva, actress

The one I hate most is the electric generator. The ideal world would be one with no more electricity. When I was at Paradise Island (as much as I did the electric power was off for two days. It was marvelous. Simply marvelous. We swam in the daytime and at night did everything by candlelight. It was so quiet, so clean, so peaceful. And it was so great not to have to listen to all that damned rock and roll. Of course it was kind of a drug not to be able to use the toilet at night, but we just went out and pissed in the woods. And while you were pissing in the shrubbery you could see the stars and get a little inspiration. Before Thomas Edison—that was the best time in history.

Saul Steinberg, artist

I can't give you an answer. What am I supposed to do—become a computer?

Christopher Isherwood, writer

Computers, mostly because of the sicky idolatry that's practiced toward them.

Harry Golden, writer

The telephone. If you get a telegram or letter, you can put it in your pocket. But if the phone rings, you must step on dogs and cats, bang your toes against furniture, etc., in order to answer it—only to find it's a wrong number or some jerk calling to ask, "How are things, Harry?"

William A. Shurcliff, Director, Citizens League Against the Sonic Boom

The SST is at the top of my list. It is the *rudest* machine ever made. On a single trip across the U.S. an SST's sonic boom would blanket a region 50 miles wide and over 2000 miles long, this is more than ten times the area of Massachusetts. Depending on exact choice of route, this plane would jolt 10 million to 30 million people. Can you imagine bothering tens of millions of people without so much as saying "Excuse me"? Can you see any sense in 200 travelers harassing millions of people merely so the few travelers can save a couple of hours of flying time? With a fleet of 200 SST's criss-crossing the country continually night and day, many of these millions of people would be whanged by the boom every hour. Using military supersonic planes, the government conducted sonic boom tests over Oklahoma City for five long months in 1964, hoping to find that people would somehow get used to being jolted and shaken every hour. But they didn't! Even after five months of such treatment a poll showed that 27 of the people were highly annoyed and declared that they could never learn to live with such booms. Yet there is still no law banning supersonic flight over land. The boom of the SST appears potentially far worse than originally expected (2 to 4 pounds per square foot, rather than a mere ½) and our Department of Transportation has the temerity to ask the taxpayers, for this fiscal year, to pay $90 million to help develop these planes with the prospect that, in future years, several *billion* dollars more will be demanded. We should pay money—billions—to build the rudest machine in world history!

Arthur Godfrey, TV personality

Outboard motors. There are 7 million of them in use today, each discharging up to a third of its fuel unused into our lakes and streams, this despite the fact that there is available a very inexpensive recycling device that could eliminate such pollution. Summarily, I detest motorcycles, air boats, swamp buggies, and snowmobiles (not to mention the brand-new six-wheel, monstrosity that is amphibious) that penetrate what's left of our forests and wilderness areas. In my opinion, the most obscene act of man is shattering the peace and quiet of a wilderness area with a powered vehicle.

Bess Myerson Grant, Commissioner of the NYC Department of Consumer Affairs

The machine I would like to see eliminated first is the "buying-machine" that any consumer turns into when he buys hastily, without information and more in response to the half-truths of advertising copywriters than to his own needs. Once *that* "machine" is brought under control, everything else will fall into place: cars will be built for safety instead of status for example, and their engines will not pollute our air.

Theodore Bikel, actor & folk singer

The most dehumanizing machine of all is the telephone-answering machine, for it admits of no colloquy.

Rod Serling, writer

I'm afraid you've got the wrong fellah. I am eternally a slave of 20th century technology. I love cars, air conditioning, electric shavers, and anything and everything that comes with a button, switch, lever or set of appropriate dials. I am the No. 1 patsy of every new device marketed, no matter what its function, its service value or its tactile effects. I gasp for every new device that is thrust at me.

Allen Ginsberg, poet

We're hooked to conspicuous-consumption machinery. Like junkies to junk, *physiologically* hooked. Vast robot monkey on National back. Withdrawal symptoms will be as painful and psychotic as junk withdrawal.

Celeste Holm, actress

The telephone. It has caused us to lose [illegible]

Mitchell Goodman, writer & one of the Chicago 7

The war machine, which is undermining humanity, or what is left of it. It is time for a revival of Luddism: machine smashing for the sake of survival.

John Fowles, novelist

I name the cheap private helicopter as my major menace. If they ever come on the market, it will be an end to the deserted beach, the lonely countryside, the empty sky, to all solitude. I thank the stars that I shall be dead before we have a helicopter in every suburban street. And if I must be wickedly frivolous and ban something that can't be banned in reality, I should pick on the [illegible] and all the other food-preservation machinery. Like Voltaire, I believe a great deal of human health and wisdom lies in having to cultivate your own garden.

Roy Lichtenstein, painter

The unicycle.

Philip S. Berry, President, Sierra Club

The automobile. It is the chief cause of pollution in our air. It demands one-third of the total space in our cities, and constitutes the determining factor in the acceleration of urban sprawl. The automobile should be largely replaced by mass transit and other modes of transportation, particularly more effective use of our own two legs.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, author

Typewriters that turn out bad stories.

Claude Levi-Strauss, anthropologist

Automobiles, of course. I would gladly get rid of mine should other people do the same, as I look at my car exclusively as a means of defense and protection against other cars, enabling me to go faster than them: a kind of foolish game at which everybody is bound to lose.

Paul Krassner, writer & editor

The cash register.

Ashley Montague, anthropologist

The automobile, of course. It's the most destructive of all machines. It has atomized and disunited the family, allowed parents and children, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts to live miles away from each other. It has destroyed the land with bridges and freeways and polluted the air. It's disasters are legion.

David McReynolds, Secretary, The War Resisters' League

The alarm clock.

Thomas J. Watson Jr., Board Chairman, International Business Machines Corp.

Thank you for asking me to participate in your anti-machine symposium. It will not be possible for me to do.

Elvis J. Stahr, President, National Audubon Society

I can think of a number of major candidates: snowmobiles in wilderness areas, beach buggies ripping up coastal dunes, inefficient internal-combustion engines polluting our urban air, supertankers, spills from which threaten to devastate entire coastlines, the list could go on and on. But at this crucial time, when our government is contemplating a $390 million subsidy for the supersonic transport plane and more later, I can with no hesitation single out the SST, which, for the dubious advantage of saving a few travelers a couple of hours of trans-oceanic travel time, threatens to subject our little planet to [illegible], heightened noise levels, air pollution and even the possibility of serious climatic change. This is the ultimate folly—a machine that, in the name of progress, contributes to [illegible].

Jacques Cousteau, naturalist, film-maker

I would ban all hunting and fishing equipment because they promote killing as pleasure. Once a child (and later grown-up) finds pleasure in killing an animal, how are we going to stop wars?

Al Capp, cartoonist

The brassiere. It injures and deceives people and interferes with romance.

Denise Levertov, poet

The war machine, which makes bombs, tanks, napalm, nerve gas, etc., etc., etc. Let's get *all* machinery out of the hands of the military-industrial complex and into the hands of life-loving men and women.

Sy Oliver, jazz pianist, arranger

They're tearing up the street outside my window right now with one of those infernal jack-hammers. I wait all morning for the lunch hour, but it lasts only 45 minutes. Then they start again.

Norman Rockwell, illustrator

Sometimes I think it is the telephone, but then sometimes I think it is the typewriter.

Dagmar Wilson, founder of Women's Strike for Peace

The telephone. It makes slaves of us, especially if you're the one being called.

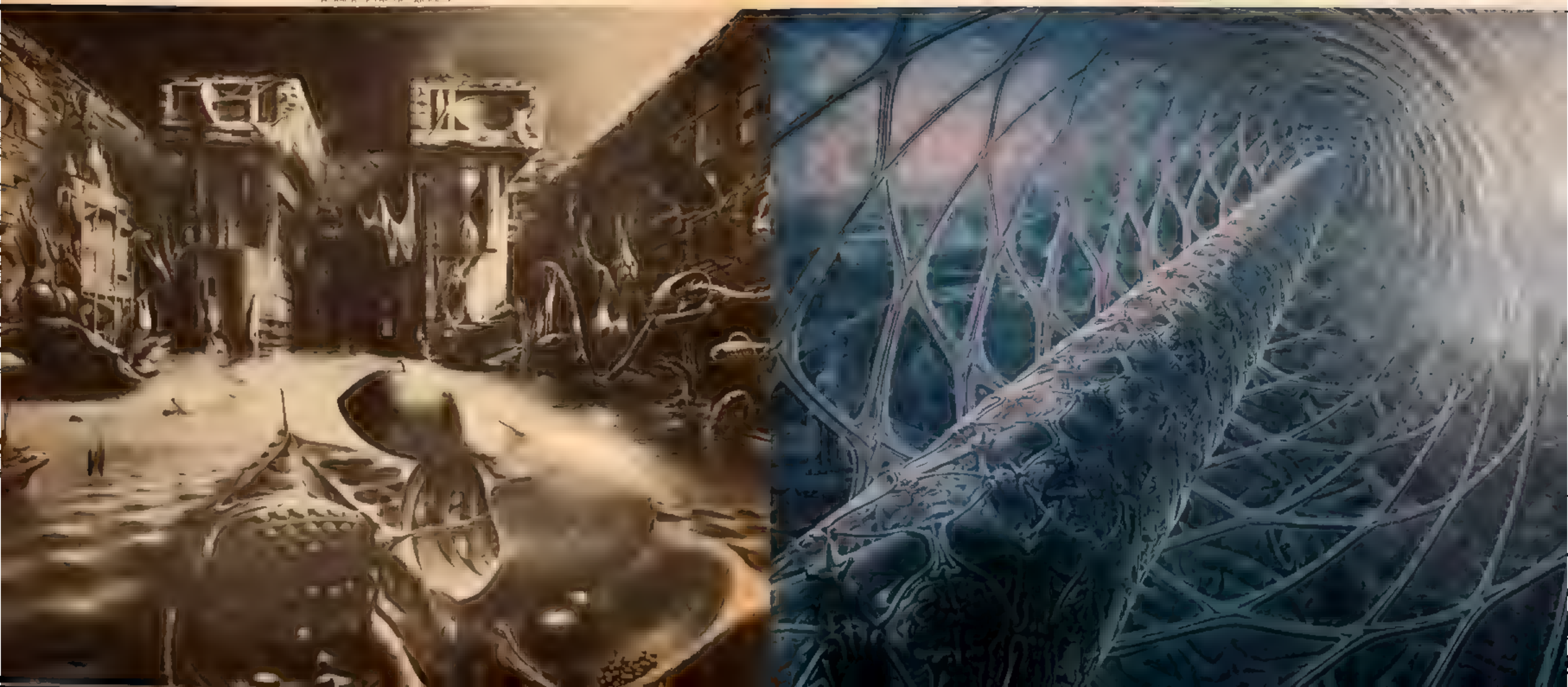
Dan Greenburg, humorist

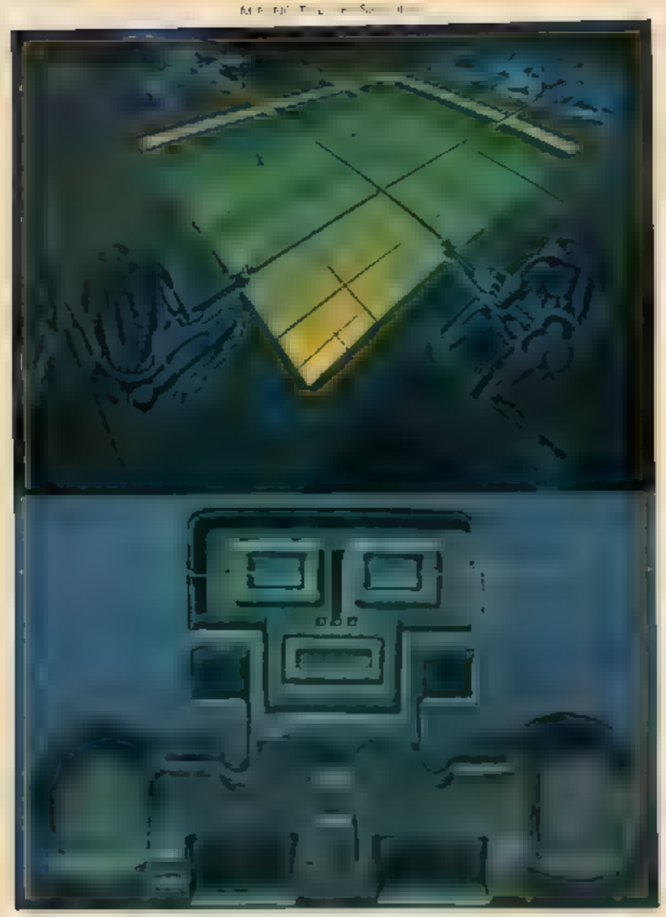
It's not so much the machines I hate as the people who operate them. I would cheerfully do away with most New York cab drivers, most folks who work at answering services, all folks who work at the phone company—and anyone even remotely connected with the repair of automobiles, elevators, subways, and automobiles. And when I say "do away with" I do not mean banish them to Barbados for two weeks either.

Abbie Hoffman, revolutionary

The War Machine—but we're working on pulling out the plug.

DIETER SCHWERTBERGER: MADNESS TO HIS METHOD





A GROUP OF DEDICATED DOCTORS IS TRYING TO GET THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN WE HAVE MAIMED IN VIETNAM

STRONG MEDICINE

BY WARREN

If you look in the phone directories of a few of our larger cities, under the word "committee" you will find such diverse organizations as the Committee for the Preservation of the Kaftan, the Committee for a Free Cotton Market, the Committee for Greyhound Racing in New York, the Committee for the Promotion of the Plumbing Industry, the Committee Against Unfair Cigarette Taxes, the Committee for the Puerto Rican Day Parade, the Committee on Interpretation of the Nation-Wide Maritime Definition, the Committee of Responsibility, and the Committee to Reelect Al Blumenthal.

Of these, the most interesting is surely the Committee of Responsibility. It is not a Communist front or a John Birch front or a Women's Lib front or a Zionist front or a front for CHAOS or S M E R S H. Yet the Committee of Responsibility is in the hottest water, it is in the most desperate financial straits. The trouble with the Committee of Responsibility, you see, is that it helps crippled children. And in today's world, this can be very, very unpopular.

Its full name is the Committee of Responsibility to Save War-Burned and War-Injured Vietnamese Children. COR for short. I won't argue with you, it sounds depressing as hell. Be warned that in what follows you will not get any revealing glimpses into the lives of the famous, or any hilarious anecdotes or ribald stories or any glorious bursts of wit or whimsey. You will, as a matter of fact, be *excused* from reading the rest of this article and still go to Heaven when you die if you immediately send a check for $5.00 or more to COR, 1621 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

And God, it is depressing. COR puts out all sorts of leaflets telling all manner of horror stories and showing the most hideous photographs. Boys and girls without eyes, without noses, without mouths, without faces, without limbs. Some of the photos are so bad that they look like something from the final reel of a horror movie you know, The Thing lurking behind the door. Even worse, because nobody—not even H.P. Lovecraft himself—could imagine horrors like these. It's so bad, that when COR shows two pictures of the same child, before and after treatment, sometimes I can hardly see any difference. (Talking to me about three kids who had their jaws shot away, Dr. Herbert L. Needleman, COR's chairman, said: "All right, they're not beautiful now, but at least they can *eat*.")

According to a COR booklet, "The Committee of Responsibility, Inc. is a private, non-profit organization of doctors and other concerned citizens. Its purpose is to bring the innocent young victims of the war to the United States for types of medical treatment unavailable in Vietnam.

"After some months of negotiations with the governments of the Republic of Vietnam and the United States, the committee's medical representatives evacuated the first children in October of 1967. One year later, sixty children had arrived for treatment in hospitals across the continental United States and Hawaii. Selected from throughout the war-torn length of South Vietnam, the children represent a small number who can be helped. A recent government survey indicates that each year more than 200,000 Vietnamese civilians are being wounded, maimed, or killed by the war which rages through their fields and villages. With the men largely absent from the rural towns, a high percentage of the casualties are unprotected children.

"By providing specialized orthopedic and plastic surgery, cosmetic repair, artificial limbs and training, nerve grafts, skin grafts, tendon transplants, and paraplegic rehabilitation, the committee can help these children function and look like normal children again."

But why bring them here at all? Well, for two reasons.

1. A tremendous number of Vietnamese children have been hurt in the war. Over 50 percent of the people of Vietnam are children under 16. Each year, 100,000 of them are being killed, maimed, or wounded. Since 1961 there have been at least a million child casualties—and about 40 percent have died. Every two hours, 60 more are being hurt.

2. Public-health care in South Vietnam is atrocious. The civilian population is 16 million, the number of doctors available under 200 (the rest are in the military). For every 100,000 people, there are nine nurses.

Many of the hospitals in South Vietnam are so poorly equipped, so unsanitary, that they make a typical Harlem hospital look like the Mayo Clinic. Dr. George Roth of COR went to Vietnam during March and April of 1970, and here are excerpts from his report on the hospitals he visited:

"In the wards there are two to a bed and there are patients lying on the floor... The dressings are old and often dirty, the supply cabinets are tragically bare.

"The typical Vietnamese surgeon is surgically incredibly aggressive, poorly trained in diagnostic technique, unfamiliar with laboratory developments, and a man who operates in many instances with surgery blatantly contraindicated.

"We visited the pediatric ward. There were 25 children there in fairly depressing circumstances. Twelve of these were war injuries, two of them quite severe from flare burn. Apparently, the number of duds that are fired is very high and the children find them and use them as toys and they explode—very often. Unfortunately, the burns occur about the eyes with destruction of the cornea and irreversible blindness. There are no ophthalmologists on the staff of the Cho Ray Hospital.

"X-rays are poor, all of them terribly overdeveloped and underexposed. Sterile technique is in essence unknown. There are very rare laboratory facilities, and as usual, the windows are unscreened and the flies are horribly plentiful.

"From the x-ray we went to the laboratory. This is abominable. There is no blood bank and instead blood is sent here when it is outdated at the nearby military hospital... I saw blood being given that was over five weeks old. In the United States, it is not used after three weeks.

"The care is absolutely unspeakable. In a ward of forty people there is not a single thermometer. A blood-pressure cuff is unknown. X-rays are ordered on a given day and are not ready a week later. There is no radiologist and in point of fact I have not yet met a radiologist anywhere in Vietnam. The conditions here are dreadful and give the lie to any propaganda that there has been any improvement in medical care in Vietnam."

"We then hitchhiked from Chau Lai to Tam Ky with a member of the special forces. He was a young man on his third rotation in Vietnam all on a voluntary basis. He discussed killing Vietnamese as dispassionately as a cattle grower might discuss the slaughter of steer. He told me that he is in the business of doing just that, killing Vietnamese. At one point, he absolutely overwhelmed me as we were passing through exquisite countryside, rich with green rice. He turned and looked out over the fields and then said to me, 'You know, doctor, we have really kicked the shit out of this country, but it's such a beautiful place.'

COR's chairman, Dr. Needleman, has visited Vietnam twice, and here are excerpts from his testimony before Senator Kennedy's subcommittee on refugees:

"We were in Vietnam a short time. But one does not have to spend a long time looking at an extremity to know that it is gangrenous. The diagnosis leaps out at you. The unpleasant truths about the civilian wounded and their care leap out to one's senses in Vietnam also.

"It is an unpleasant truth that the hospitals in I Corps—Quang Ngai, Quang Tri, Tam Ky, Hoi An, Danang, Hue—are generally overcrowded, lacking in minimal sanitary facilities, filthy, evil-smelling, and fly-ridden. War casualties, blasts and burns are a prominent part of their population. Crowding is so extreme that the isolation of open wounds from infected cases is not attempted. One can see, as we did, an open gunshot wound lying in the next bed to a case of typhoid. The sight of two adult patients, head to foot in a bed, is not uncommon. The patients lie on filthy, woven-straw mats. The odor of garbage, pus, and excrement is omnipresent. Screens are a rarity; we saw flies walking on open wounds and burns. In Quang Ngai, acute surgical patients are sheltered in a garage. In Quang Tri, tents are used and some of the hospitals running water is available only intermittently. Stagnant fetid puddles of water pocked the courtyard, and garbage and human excrement filled the corridors and walkways.

Another Vietnam visitor, William F. Pepper, has written that old newspapers and wrapping paper are commonly used as bandages; that sometimes three and four patients are put in one bed; that severe infections are sometimes fought only with a jar of Noxzema, severe burns with a jar of Vaseline, that a patient with a shortage of intravenous fluids may be connected to a coconut... that sometimes patients in great pain are simply given an overdose to end their suffering, and that amputations are commonly resorted to, just to save some time...and that "American soldiers in Vietnam who accidentally suffer serious burn injuries from napalm are rushed aboard special hospital planes equipped to give immediate first-aid treatment and flown directly to Brook Army Hospital in Texas, one of the world's leading centers for burn treatment and for the extensive plastic surgery that must follow. Burnt Vietnamese children must fare for themselves."

Perhaps you can now understand why the Committee of Responsibility's work is so necessary.

One of the cases COR has handled is that of Tran Van Quang. To quote a committee booklet:

"Tran Van Quang is 12 years old. An exceptionally intelligent child. Quang attended schools in his native Saigon and prior to his injury, had been offered a scholarship to a French lycee in Paris. His mother, the widow of a French soldier, had decided against his leaving Saigon. Shortly after, on a trip to visit relatives in Phan Thiet, north of Saigon, the bus on which Quang was traveling was blown up by a mine. Quang, one of the few survivors, lay on the road for many hours before American troops found him and took him to Long Khanh Hospital. There both his legs and one arm were amputated. A month later he was returned to Saigon, where a COR doctor found

him in a state of suicidal depression Quang took a new lease on life when told that COR had secured permission to take him to the United States

"Arriving at Boston Children's Hospital Quang was immediately fitted with artificial limbs. With the help of a volunteer teacher he has continued his study of French and English and he has begun the long and often frustrating business of learning to master his new limbs. Soon he will be able to go to his foster home in a Boston suburb and attend an American school until he has become fully accustomed to those new limbs and can return to his home in Saigon

"Quang's outlook on life is remarkably changed. His wonderfully irreverent sense of humor has kept spirits up at Children's Hospital through some very long and painful hours this summer and when two new COR children arrived at Massachusetts General Hospital in August, Quang's six-page letter of welcome was waiting in their room."

Quang was recently returned home to Saigon — but to relatives, not to his parents, because both of them are dead now

Sure COR does a good job. But to tell the truth, not all that good. Since October of 1967, some 240,000 Vietnamese children have been wounded. Of that 240,000 the Committee of Responsibility has brought over and treated a grand total of exactly 77. This is about less than .03 percent

One problem is money. Although 500 doctors have volunteered their services, and a few hospitals their beds, the medical costs for each child brought over average out to $ 0,000

Another problem is the Vietnamese government. The red tape involved in getting a wounded child to the United States is almost unending. First the attending Vietnamese physician must agree that the child's injury is beyond his hospital's level of competence. Then the parents must give their permission — and some don't, because they have reason to be suspicious of Americans. Then a three-man government technical commission must see the child and give their okay. Then the Ministry of Defense must be consulted to agree that the child is not draftable ("Even if the child doesn't have any legs," Dr. Needleman says). Then the Ministry of Finance must ascertain that the family has paid its taxes. Then the Ministry of Security must ascertain that the family is politically secure. And so on and on and on.

And now we come to Uncle Sam. You know, the most humanitarian country in the world, the most idealistic, the one with the biggest heart. To get an idea of how the United States has treated COR we can look at the case of Terre des Hommes, a Swiss-based international group also dedicated to bringing injured Vietnamese children to good hospitals. In 1966 Terre des Hommes (La[illegible] Mon) asked the United States to provide space on its aircraft for flying wounded Vietnamese kids to Europe. Chester L. Cooper of the State Department said No. "U.S. aircraft are definitely not available for this purpose," said he. "I worry just as much about the injured kids as the next fellow — maybe more so — what they wanted to do, they want to be taking these frightened little kids halfway across the world and dump them there in a strange alien society." Sure. Let them die in Vietnam rather than get lonely elsewhere.

When COR came along the Defense Department did agree to fly over war-injured children free of charge. But they really had to be "war-injured." A child blown up while playing with a dud napalm bomb did not qualify. (In fact one U.S. official even insisted that COR furnish a record of troop movements around each child's home.) Meanwhile, the U.S. State Department became very, very reluctant to grant entrance to Vietnamese children and to line up air space for them. (The commercial airlines also refused, possibly thinking that the sight of them would disturb the other passengers.) According to Dr. Needleman, last January, a four-year-old girl Nguyen Thi Gau, burnt in a mortar attack, died while awaiting transportation to the United States. A boy, Doan Hien, died last March for the same reason.

Told by Dr. Needleman about the delays, Nicholas Von Hoffman, the *Washington Post* columnist, decided to telephone the State Department officials responsible. He phoned Freeman Matthews and was referred to the office of Robert J. McCloskey, Deputy Assistant Secretary. McCloskey's office referred Hoffman to Paul Nielson, whose office referred Hoffman to Robert Lewis, whose office referred Hoffman back to Matthews, whose office referred Hoffman back to McCloskey, who said the children would be moved "soon." Hoffman suggests:

"Call yourself and listen to the dilatory indifference to the children and hear the shifty answers thought up after many minutes while you sit on the hold button, call yourself, to feel the converse sense of urgency about not sticking one's neck out of showing no sympathy, of hinting that the committee doctors are wicked, ly motivated and that the children are little commie, gook, zipperheads for getting wounded and not crawling out of sight to die unnoticed. Call yourself to hear the scratches and squeaks of officialdom carrying out government policy."

The thing is, the official posture of the United States is that Vietnam's public hospitals are perfectly marvelous — what with everything the U.S. Agency for International Development has done. There's no need to send any children here, we're doing plenty there.

But that is not all. The fact is that the Committee of Responsibility is now very high up on the official Shit List of the United States Government. Because in 1969, COR did a very brave, very emotional, very human, or very dumb thing, depending on how you look at it. For the first time, it officially came out against the war, it officially blamed the United States for causing 80 percent of the civilian casualties in a full-page ad in the *New York Times*, COR stated:

ONE-HALF OF ALL CHILDREN BORN IN VIETNAM DON'T LIVE TO REACH THE AGE OF FIVE. MAYBE THEY'RE THE LUCKY ONES

There's nothing more horrifying than the sight of a maimed, disfigured, pain-wracked child.

Last year there were tens of thousands of burned, crippled or wounded Vietnamese children.

and the war drags on.

60% of the civilian casualties are children.

There are more than 50,000 amputees in South Vietnam.

Up to 80% of all civilian casualties are caused by American firepower.

and the war drags on.

Is it any wonder that one-half of all children born in Vietnam don't live to reach the age of five?

And many of those who do will have lives of poverty, hunger, disease, disfigurement and crippling pain...

We will continue to bring children to the United States and have our doctors treat them. But we know that *the greatest medical aid we can offer the Vietnamese children is an immediate end to the war.*

The war has dragged on long enough.

Today, the Committee of Responsibility is on the ropes, although its backers include the Rev. John C. Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary in New York; Bishop John Wesley Lord, resident bishop of the Methodist Church in Washington, D.C.; Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations; Mrs. Martin Luther King; and although celebrities such as Carl Yastrzemski, Julie Andrews, Burt Bacharach, Lena Horne, Mahalia Jackson, Gene Kelly, Shari Lewis, Ray Bradbury, and France Nuyen have all tried to help. The fact is that COR is in debt. That the U.S. Government is hostile. And that the Government of South Vietnam has recently been talking of not renewing the visas of COR staff members in Vietnam.

One of the causes of the trouble obviously, is COR's decision to oppose the war. I decided to question Dr. Needleman about that decision. He works in Philadelphia, so I telephoned for an appointment, then drove down there.

It took me about an hour to find Dr. Needleman's office. I just couldn't believe that any modern American physician actually works in such a foul slum area. But he does, because he's a community psychiatrist, the director of consultation and education at Temple University's Mental Health Center. His job is to "deliver psychiatric services" to the poor (i.e., blacks). Recently, for instance, he has been doing research on the danger of children eating lead-based paint, which can cause mental retardation.

Dr. Needleman is 42. He grew up in Philadelphia, went to Muhlenberg College in Allentown, then to the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and trained in pediatrics at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. He was certified by the American Board of Pediatrics, practiced awhile, then decided to become a psychiatrist, and went to Temple. He was a captain in the Army, serving between the Korean and Vietnam wars. Dr. Needleman is married. His wife is a former social worker, and they met when she moved into the apartment next door to his, and they have three children: a son, 21, majoring in biology at the University of Pennsylvania, another son of five, and a daughter of three.

Probably the best word to describe Dr. Needleman is *heimisch*. He's informal, friendly, has a pleasant laugh, and altogether is a very comfortable person to be with. When I met him his shirt was open at the collar, the sleeves rolled up, and he was wearing light-blue checkered trousers. He's six foot, has bushy sideburns, a bushy moustache, horn-rimmed glasses, and an ordinary face.

Q. Why did you switch from pediatrics to psychiatry?

A. The practice of suburban pediatrics is an...exhausting thing. The parents work out on their kids a lot of their own dissatisfaction with life, and their life is not too enriching. It's usually related to the fact that the mother is sad or unhappy or empty. And the only way she and her husband can talk about their own problems is to talk about their kid's allergies. So just examining the child can be a feeble way to help. Besides, I've always had an interest in psychiatry. But when I got into psychiatry, it just seemed to me that private practice was kind of trivial. So I went into community psychiatry.

Q. How come you're so different from most other doctors? Few of them seem to have a burning social conscience.

A. I just like to go where it's interesting, which I guess means important.

Q. How did you happen to launch the Committee of Responsibility?

A. I had heard about Terre des Hommes, and had heard that they were having a helluva time trying to get kids out. Well, it seemed to me that if Europeans were doing it, Americans ought to be doing it. So I wrote a personal letter to about 200 doctors. Others were doing the same thing, and then this whole group coalesced.

Q. Was it deliberate that the initials of the Committee of Responsibility mean "heart" in Latin?

A. I think that was kind of serendipitous.

Q. You've taken only 77 war-injured children here. Is it that expensive to treat them?

A. It's expensive, but it's also a tremendous problem just to get them through the mill. I've spent many hours making phone calls and visits to Washington. We have to run our heads off to do what should be routine. It takes us all of six weeks just to identify a kid and bring him over here. We have a small staff in Vietnam — a doctor, two young Americans, and a Vietnamese social worker — and all the delays and red tape really exhaust them.

Q. Do you take orphans? Whom would you send them back to?

A. We take a few, then send them back to relatives.

Q. What about American families adopting them?

A. The Vietnamese government does not take kindly to that idea.

Q. How come?

A. Perhaps a justified xenophobia. The Saigon press has printed articles about children being taken out of the country and not being treated well.

Q. Was it true?

A. I don't think so. But I think that this is what one might expect. They have reason not to trust Americans.

Q. Is it true that the kids get lonely?

A. Sure, they're lonely. I won't minimize that. Some have gotten very homesick. But if you have a kid who won't have any legs otherwise, the loneliness is a reasonable price to pay. And I think we've done a pretty good job ameliorating this. In every city where we have children, we've tried to have more than one kid, so they can talk to each other. We also have in this country six or seven Vietnamese women we brought out who accompany the children, and stay with them in the hospital, during the acute phase. Occasionally she cooks them a Vietnamese meal. And we have Vietnamese records, too. We try as hard as we can to make them feel they're just here on a visit. And we do a lot of work to continue communication with their families.

Q. What happens when a child is sent back?

A. We've sent about 40 back, and we've found that a lot of them act American for awhile, then it drops away and they ship right back into the culture. As much as possible, we visit the kids when we're in the area, and the reports are encouraging. We also ship some medicines, and provide some support for their further schooling.

Q. How are the Committee of Responsibility's finances now?

A. We're in very serious trouble. We owe for hospital bills. I don't have the exact figure, but it's many thousands. This is the usual condition of many small organizations like ours, but in this case of the most advanced program we've ever had, contributions have been going down. There's a feeling that the war's over, although just as many kids are being wounded nowadays. The reports I get from the hospitals are that they're still packed with civilians. And the people in the hospitals are only a small percentage of the wounded.

Q. How many hospitals in this country have cooperated with [illegible]?

A. About ten have helped us financially. But some don't want their names published, they feel that others might want to take advantage of that. Some hospitals have taken our kids and waived part of the fee, some have waived all the fees. And others have made us pay the full rate — sixty to eighty dollars a day.

Q. Do you feel that more hospitals should cooperate?

A. Sure. I think that every hospital should open its doors and take a couple of kids. The

evacuation planes fly out every day, and if more hospitals helped, we could treat hundreds and hundreds of these kids and return them quickly. The response of the hospital community has not been heartening. One hospital said Yes, any children that came from anywhere in the world will be accepted. Later I was told that they had already treated a Vietnamese child who had heart disease, so they couldn't give us a break. But if we paid the full rate they would take a child. This happened to be a place that I was intimately associated with, and I really was dismayed.

Q What about doctors?

A Most doctors we've approached have been glad to work with these kids. We've never had to pay a doctor's bill.

Q How do you explain the hospitals' attitude?

A A lot of hospitals are afraid because the issue has become controversial. We're one of the few groups that work in Vietnam and *don't* claim that medical care there is bad because of what the Americans do. We're one of the few groups that have been objective about what's going on that has criticized the war *per se* and the conduct of the war.

Q Your group became controversial when it came out against the war.

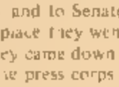
A No, from the very start we talked about the agony and the suffering there in war. That didn't imply, you know, that it was necessary or in the service of a good thing. We were saying that people were being killed and a lot of them were children, and it was wrong. That back in 1966, was controversial.

Q How about the cooperation of the United States and South Vietnam?

A Let me put it this way. If we had the total cooperation of the United States government and the Vietnamese government we could treat many, many more times the kids we are now treating. If we could unquestionably fly a kid rapidly get a passport and then rapidly get on an outbound plane, we could move a helluva lot more kids. The United States government has in some instances been cooperative, but not in others. They look upon us as a kind of gadfly.

Q I guess the reason is what you psychiatrists call "denial": they don't want to face the fact that we're responsible for wounded and maimed children.

A Damn right. The formal posture of our government is that since America has moved into Vietnam, we have improved the public health of the country, that there are some civilian casualties, but these are primarily the result of VC or NV air operations, and they're all being very well handled by the forces of South Vietnam and by AID. This is just not true. I've been to Vietnam and looked at about seven hospitals. It was *unbelievable*, the suffering, the terrible conditions. As we were finishing our tour, the Vietnam Survey Team was entering the country. This was a high-level bipartisan commission appointed by AID and Senator Kennedy. It included many prominent physicians including the then vice-president of the American Medical Association. They spent about as much time in Vietnam as we did. When they came back, they were supposed to be bound to secrecy until they could report to AID and to Senator Kennedy. Instead the first place they went was the White House, and as they came down the steps of the White House the press corps was there. And they gave the press corps a three- or four-page release which made it seem that health conditions in Vietnam were marvelous. But we had been there at the same time and at the same hospitals. Senator Kennedy was deeply disturbed and called for open hearings.



I've read that some physicians in Vietnam do amputations as a way of saving lives.

A Yeah. If you have the time and the sanitary conditions and somebody has a bad compound fracture, you cut away the dirty tissue, cast it, come back and save the limb. But under filthy conditions and overcrowding, the treatment you're forced to do is amputation. There were 40,000 amputees in Vietnam the last time I saw the figures. The production rate is 5000 artificial limbs a year, so it'll take them eight years to catch up.

Q After the war is over, do you think the United States will come in and really help the people?

A We usually do, after a war. I just hope that our help isn't limited to a South Vietnam with a particular form of government or economy, that it's not a colonial kind of thing.

Q Getting back to your committee's endorsement of the Vietnam moratorium. Isn't it possible that if you had not come out against the war, if you had not said the United States was responsible for up to 80 percent of the civilian injuries, that the United States and South Vietnam would have been more cooperative and perhaps you could have been helping many more children?

A Okay, that's a good question, and you phrased it well. You can't live with that kind of horror and not speak out about it. You can't see a kid with no legs and know that there are thousands of others just like him and not draw the necessary conclusion. At least I can't, and most of the people in the committee can't. We're not in the business of tokenism, of wiping away a little bit of our guilt. We're not going to allow ourselves to feel that by patching up a few kids, we've purified ourselves. You simply have to be honest about what you know.

Look, I'm a psychiatrist and I'm supposed to be familiar with self-delusion. But the kind of self-delusion going on with this country is *incredible*. I was on a panel of physicians who had been in Vietnam and most of the men there spoke about the great job we're doing for the Vietnamese. This guy operated ten hours a day, amputating limbs and putting on prosthetic devices. What he didn't say was that he wouldn't have to be doing that if we hadn't dropped millions of tons of bombs. And Dr. Howard Rusk writes in the *Times* every six months or so about how marvelous our presence in Vietnam has been for public health. He's pointed out that the artificial limb production has increased from a small figure to hundreds a month. He *doesn't* point out that the *consumption* of artificial limbs has *also* gone up considerably.

All of us have allowed this self-delusion that we're helping the Vietnamese to keep us involved in a horribly destructive adventure. On the radio just today I heard a guy talking about the "bloodbath"—you know, if we pull out a hundred thousand people will be killed. Well, this year there'll *be* a hundred thousand killed and there are no if's about it. This is going on right now.

So we in the committee are not going to succumb to a similar self-delusion, namely that the work we're doing is as important as ending the war.

Q Did any of your group quit because of the anti-war stand?

A A small number quit. These were mainly at the chapter level and were peripheral to our work. We got a few resignations from sponsors. A few people who have supported us in other ways said they wouldn't help us any more. Some people said they disagreed but also said that the work we did was so necessary that they would continue helping us.

Q Have you gotten any hate mail?

A Oh sure. Scrawled things calling us Communist, that sort of thing.

Q All in all, did the decision to oppose the war help you or hurt you?

A It's hard to say. I certainly don't think that it hurt us in the *public* eye. Still, when we had difficulty evacuating some children recently, the United States brought our stand up. I suspect it has caused them to look at us with a little more scrutiny.

Q What about the press—do you feel that COR gets enough publicity?

A Naw. We've had a few friends, but we deserve more publicity than we've gotten.

Q I guess that many editors don't like to print depressing stories. And I can understandably feel that people are tired of reading about Vietnam.

A We're *all* tired of the war. *I'm* certainly tired of it. That's one of the worst things going on. After a period of time, people get inured to outrages. That's why I think that the implications of this war are so huge. The information is there, people can't say they don't know.

Q Why are you politically against the war?

A Me, personally. Well, the nature of antiguerrilla warfare means, almost by definition, that civilians must be killed. It is not accidental; it's contained in the kind of war we're waging. So in the process of this war, we are destroying the Vietnamese people.

And *our* country's being destroyed by it too. The things I see in the ghetto I relate directly to the war. The fact that there hasn't been any new housing in this area is related to the fact that we've spent 100 billion dollars directly and 700 billion dollars indirectly on the Vietnam war.

I'm also worried about the mental health of this country. The brutalization of the United States is a very real thing. I lecture to Philadelphia police rookies, and about 30 percent of them are returned veterans. They're good men when you groove with them. They're as concerned as anybody about what is happening in our country. But the brutalization they've experienced is incredible. It's the Gook Syndrome—any Gook may be carrying a grenade, so everybody is the enemy. Many of these guys have seen or participated in the random slaughter of the Vietnamese with the full knowledge of what they were doing.

But what are the implications for life in an urban area when so many policemen have been taught that counter-terror is okay? What does that *mean?* This war is different from other wars we've been in. In the past, our men have done some bestial things, but this war has made terror almost automatic. What does it mean that so many policemen, who have so much power over our people, have been brutalized? And what's the effect on the kids of seeing all this war film on television? What is all this going to do to the definitions of "mentally healthy"?

Q One final question. Does your work with crippled children ever get you depressed?

A Yeah, sometimes. At times you feel like you're doing some good, other times you remember it's only 77 kids—and with 60 getting wounded every hour, it's been only one and a quarter hours worth of work.

Q What do you as a psychiatrist do when you're depressed?

A (Laughs) Work, hope, drink some good whiskey. And wait, because depression passes.

THE ADDRESS OF COR, IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEND A DONATION, IS: [illegible] COMMITTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY, 1029 VERMONT AVE. N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20009

Concerning the Maids of Brobdingnag

by Lemuel Gulliver

AS TOLD TO M.S. WINECOFF

When I had been some Time in the Capital City of Brobdingnag, I was as mentioned in my *Travels* invited to the Apartments of the Queen's Maids of Honour. Glumdalclitch my nurse would accompany me on these visits and although she was but ten years old at this Time, it will be remembered that she was over thirty feet tall and had a heart to match her height. In our first interview with the Maids I am sorry to relate that these Creatures were delighted with me somewhat too much. After a year in that Country where only myself was the tiniest Freak of Nature I had not grown hide-bound enough to retain a semblance of sanity. But Although the numerous Caresses of the Peasantry in every Town had served to harden my sensitive Nature yet recently, the Queen had come to call me her favorite and the King had begun to find an interest in my reasonings. Imagine then my state of Mind when first I encountered the Maids of Honour several of them Stripped to the skin as we entered their Apartments and all of them near sixty feet at the Summit. What put me off was that those Maids who were Naked did not attempt to clothe themselves and seemed not in the least shy in their brevity. Now being a Surgeon the Anatomy of Women is nothing new to me and yet it was as if my years of experience had suddenly slipped away. Until that moment I do admit the Triangle for instance had never seemed to me a Form of Particular force.

The excited chatter of these Maids drove my palms to my ears until Glumdalclitch was able to explain to them my delicate condition. At that they spoke more quietly but began to Handle me and pass me from hand to hand whereupon each would make some Comment to the Amusement of the rest. While passing me here and there they would squeeze me, to be sure with the good intention that I would not fall, but with the result next morning of many bruises about my body. One of these Maids wore a perfume which upon one occasion caused me to swoon away. Another once gave me a kiss full in the face and had I been of any duration I should have been suffocated. It would never be my intention to invite Censure of these Excellent Ladies, for whom I have all manner of Respect. They only toyed with me as much as young girls of [illegible] will treat their [illegible]. But what was my astonishment when in one of these Naked Mountains bent down over me [illegible] what she had drunk? The noise I must liken to a Waterfall and the Spray was indeed not far off a misty rain. As to the Odour from this shower I believe I will not attempt to describe.

Despite the fact that most of the Maids of Honour were found by me to be of good Qualities, it will be understood that I did not relish these visits. Glumdalclitch did what she could to make them bearable and I will admit that there was one of her. As I have said in my *Travels* she was a pretty little Creature of sixteen who was Honoured to possess my humble person upon one of her Nipples for a Trick. It was a sport I would not recommend to Gentlemen as the floor was a long way away but the Maid's enjoyment did not prevent [illegible] while we were [illegible] engaged some other Maid would pay [illegible] attention with the result that her dog dwindled between my knees and I went slipping off with a wail. Had the [illegible] caught me about the region of her Third Rib the fall would surely have broken my neck. Here I should like to assure the Reader that there was nothing in these doings which gave me any Emotions other than that of feeling an anxious regard for Life and Limb.

On these occasions Glumdalclitch would watch over me as best she was able but the

Maids could easily overcome her objections if they had a mind to it. They wanted, for instance, to dress and undress me on every visit while Glumdalclitch felt that this was her responsibility. She tried to prevent this disrobing but the Maids would have their way, and soon after each arrival I would find myself exposed. My skin was highly coveted by these Ladies. To them it seemed smooth as Marble; for their vision was not keen enough to detect its imperfections. Once they had me undressed they usually suffered me to be rubbed between their breasts, and so on. It was an irritating contact for me, since some had skin which was coarse enough to chafe me.

My sixteen-year-old was now taking it into her head that I was, after all, a Man and not simply a plaything. This came to my Notice when she gave objection to a derogative Remark made by one of her sisters. These Ladies meant well, and I am sure that the Agonies their offhand Comments put me to were not meant to be malicious. It would be unkind of me to think that such grand Elephantine specimens could wish grief upon something so small and insignificant as myself. But my Maid would not grant happenstance head room when she saw that I suffered, and her kind intentions did not go unnoticed by my nurse, Glumdalclitch. Soon they became friendly with one another, with the result that afterwards Glumdalclitch began to allow this sweet girl Liberties in regards to myself.

This traffick with the Maids of Honour was leaving me so out of Repair that I had begged Glumdalclitch to think of some way to discontinue our meetings. However, the dear girl was caught in a matter of Politicks. Should she anger the Maids of Honour it might not go well with her. Fortunately for me, the Maids, all excepting one, soon grew weary of my company. After all, I was less than little and barely a person at all. Not to add that I had taken no pains to endeare myself to them.

My stay in Brobdingnag had now run to a year and more, and I had been some Time at Sea before coming to these Strange Shores. It would seem to me not necessary to draw further conclusions for Vulgar minds to contemplate, but since Nature hath a few basic requirements which she calls upon her Poor Souls to fulfill, the Reader will appreciate that there were a few trying moments for me. The young Maid had got into an habit of coming to Our Apartments now that Glumdalclitch and I were no longer visiting with the other Maids in their rooms. It so happened, that early one evening while she and my Nurse were taking in an animated fashion, the Maid suggested that I spend the night with her rather than as was my custom, with Glumdalclitch. Glumdalclitch was reluctant to let me go at first, but in the end relented. And so a little later I found myself alone with the Maid in her room.

She pleasured me by allowing me to undress myself before Bed and as I did so she turned to snuff a candle in Mock Modesty, or so I fancied. This I might have taken for a warning, but coming after other events which I have related I found it a Charming gesture. The room was now under the spell of only one candle on her Bed Table, and in this light she took off her clothes. It may enlighten the Reader to know that her hair was black and long. It extended down to the small of her back, and shown in the candle light, as did her dark brown eyes. Her body was slender where it was meant to be and most artfully made elsewhere. It fascinated me that her movements, considering her size, were so graceful; and I reflected that this should not surprise me since all things are relative, yet I respected that she was so comely at her toilet, a thing all the more impressive since what could be more necessary and mundane? And although she was a woman of Prime Qualities, it will be appreciated that I entered to this engagement with great Reluctancy. Should her hair entangle me as I slept I would be no better off than a highwayman at the gallows. Should she sleep a restless night, I might as well have the Houses of Parliament fall on my head. What if I fell from the Bed which was eight Yards from the floor?

These fears left me Poor Company for the Maid, who cajoled me for thinking she would let any Disaster befall me. We began to talk for I had much need of pleasant conversation. Glumdalclitch would talk with me, but being a girl of only ten, her words were wanting in interest. The King talked to me, but he was a man of fourscore and more besides being a King, and his words were wanting flexibility. The Maid did not have overmuch to say, and being nearly full grown, knew enough to put the right questions and be a good listener. But to speak truly, it was not so much the words that were needed as the Intimacy of talking to a Woman as if I were a Man. Before too long, I began to speak of England, and thoughts of home made me lament my prolonged stay in Brobdingnag. To comfort me, the Maid set me on her teat, as was her habit, and gently rocked me there. As I was facing her bosom, the bigness of which I am hard put to explain, I lay down my head. She made a tender pillow, and her gentle ways soon put me in a better disposition. She sang to me in a warm purring way, and this put me in mind of my Wife and dear Children, whom I had left in regard to my craving for travel. It made me down in heart to think of them and so while sitting there upon the Maid's Nipple, I began to dream of making an escape.

With a small sailing vessel and a Fair Wind I might expect to gain my Freedom; but where was the possibility of a small sailing vessel? The oars of a Brobdingnag rowboat would have been as large as the top-gallant mast to an English Merchantman. But dreams are so obliging that I had soon imagined myself such a ship as I could handle and was setting sail in a Westerly Breeze. This dream was completed with swells and a blue horizon, and I was sure I could smell the Sea. But it was only my Maid I sensed, a sweet, though a salty Odour was coming from her sixteen-year-old pores, and her young breasts were heaving. I noticed that her cheeks looked redder than before, and Realizing what had begun with her left me in a state. Being smothered in a Seizure of Passion may to some seem an interesting Idea, but I was not ready for such an end. As the Maid was sitting only half up in Bed, I found it not difficult to leap from her breast to her belly, and being anxious to distract her in any way I could, I jumped into her Navel with all my force. But I was so insubstantial that her only Reaction was to slide down on her back. She exhaled a tremendous sigh as she did so, and in the same breath reached for a Feather which lay on the Bed Table. My mind was immediately put to Ease, for if she intended to write Letters, there was no need to worry.

But she had intended to tickle me about my body, and as she did so, in spite of myself, I felt a vague stirring, whereat I at once made Threatenings to the Maid, who merely laughed and found me amusing. If you have a mind to play with me I admonished her you may as well think some Nobler thought. She giggled at that, and an Impotent sight I must have made, standing there with both feet in her Navel and such a stern countenance. She never hesitated to continue tickling me, and being a Man who always attempts to stand behind what he says I backed up a bit. Now I believe I was within intent on to be sure, among the soft hairs of her Pubic Mound. This hair of hers was soft and fine, and fairly straight, rather than being curly. This hair of hers felt not dissimilar to the heather on the heath, and such a Familiar sensation took me straight back to the days of my youth. Ah, what days those were. There is Nothing like the life of a boy in Nottinghamshire, and with my remembrance, I happily wriggled her hair between my toes as in those days. It was most likely a Reflex action. The Maid gasped as though I had punched her wind away. Her cheeks fairly glowed. She squealed just as my Children would attentive as do when I teased them at home.

Her sex had all but overpowered me now as Bodily Secretions. I am sure, exert more of an Influence upon Propagation of the Species than is normally imagined. I am embarrassed to say, what with her Tricks with the Feather, though certainly it was no fault of my own that my Organ began to acquire Tumescent properties. In order to give the reader some Idea of my size in relation to the Maid I would say that this Manhood of mine was not half so large as the Maid's Nipple. Still, it was a sizeable Nipple and Desire will find great resourcefulness to achieve any end. The Maid therefore, looked not at me, but upon the Shadow I made at the wall. Where I was lacking, my Shadow provided ample fuel for her Fantasies. Then she whispered to me a most endearing plea. Good sir, she said, be nice to me for I would never harm you. Your behaviour I replied will not go well with Glumdalclitch or the Queen. But Reader, I did not mean my words. Her sentiments, spoken so sweetly, did touch me. The miss shewed me great affection in her manner, and certainly it was not for me who believes that Children should be allowed some Freedom to express themselves to blame this Maid for trying herself at such an age as sixteen. But if these Reflections are not occasionally given in Public it is not because they are not Embraced quite often in Private. And think you of her kind concern. Good sir, be nice to me for I would never harm you. How many among us may say the same? Surely such words are out of the Common way? It struck me, and Forcibly, that there was that of Virtue in her expressions, and I was moved to Ponder the Vile condition Mankind had come to for lack of similar sentiment.

While these grave questions slipped through my head, the Maid continued to writhe, but having spent years on Deck, my Sea legs kept me steady. These movements, in actual fact were most likely the reason for my contemplations. After such Time as I had spent at Sea, and the Sea being conducive to Heavy thinking, what could have been more natural? In half a moment, I had even forgotten where I stood and, it may be believed, had begun to recall Times which I had had upon the Oceans. Once, while passing to the North of Van Diemen's Land on a journey which Readers of my *Travels* will remember, the ship Antelope had nearly been overturned by a Whale. That voyage left me beached and at the eventual Mercy of the Liliputians whom I found a most admirable race albeit I was forced to leave their Company in a rush. While thinking of those Little People an amazing sight brought me back to myself.

Two Titan breasts had suddenly appeared, tip ends taut and tending, I should say, toward a Tropical Sunset in colour. They were pointing in a Heavenly direction, and rising, rising. My Maid seemed to be in a fit, her back had arched, then passion had jerked her up in a spasm. The force threw me off my balance, so that I inadvertently stepped into a warm wet brooke, or something similar, and sat down the Maid as if she were wet moss on a high Thatched Roof. Here I should like to Observe that although the Maid's Bedding was most probably soft to her body it was hard enough to my own. Luckily I landed on my head otherwise, I fear a leg might have been broken. The sheets were the coarsity of Ship's canvassing, or perhaps more similar to Burlap, although they may have been called Silk in that Country.

It happened that before I had recovered myself, the Maid sat up and looked upon me with an admixture of dismay, concern, and if I may say so wonder. She was panting as a Sorrel Nag will after a run, and each effort she made to collect herself seemed to put her more in a Wild way. She asked me with grand, sucking inhalations of air was I all in one piece, which I straightaway confirmed. Had I been in a greater possession of my faculties, I should have replied negatively, but in such a singular situation, my wits were out of form.

Without further words, the Maid fell back gasping, and once prone, began to make moanings of a most spirited kind. My head was still spinning, and I leaned up to the nearest object which happened to be the poor girl's Thigh. At my touch, her legs began quivering and her moanings redoubled. And now what was I to do? Much as I would have liked to help her, it seemed to me that I was overburthened. First thing in the Morning I would beg Glumdalclitch to prevent such a scene from reoccurring meantime, I durst not move until some decision could be come to. The Adventure appeared to be drawn to some end which I assure the Reader was unfathomable to myself.

Out of decency I was now facing South, or to be precise, toward the young Woman's toes. Then she leaped up, for I noticed that the candlelight was no longer on the wall and her contours hung above me. She then whispered to me a request which I could not be prevailed upon to repeat. But there occurred in me an Inclination notwithstanding my Love of England, to be for that night a Naturally Endowed Citizen of Brobdingnag and therefore able to meet the proposal. Still, as I judge, a Man must not let his Fancy lead him by the nose. Turning to answer her, not even knowing what I would say, the sight I saw took away my ability to breathe.

Excuse me, but may I simply say, that before me was a problem of the most Extraordinary dimensions? Women are creatures of many moods, as every man will tell you, and perhaps it should be added that there are as many Expressions as there are moods. At any rate, where one minute finds them in a mood altogether different. I have found many Proofs of this in my Lifetime but none so We come as the one which now occurred. The Maid, who of her own admission meant me no harm now made another Request. Her condition was disturbing her, she declared; she felt that perhaps she ran a fever. Would I, she wondered, do her the Service of an Examination?

Her polite, if somewhat Questionable demeanor, did nonetheless excite my Professional interest. My mind went eagerly to Medical matters. One had to agree that She seemed flushed, and this was a symptom of many maladies. And wasn't she shaking uncontrollably? But these matters would not, I assure the Reader interest him overly much, and it would be unethical as a Physician for me to continue into any Elaborate details. However, what self respecting surgeon would not, as I did, plumb that most Unique Medical opportunity to its very depths by way of, for lack of a preferable explanation, a thorough going, and most rewarding Examination? The Medical Profession may be pleased to know that I am currently working on a Paper which reports my Findings and subsequent Prescription. It is my belief that this Prescription, when released to the World, may do much toward curing our Ills.

WAY-OUT WESTBETH

ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER WEST SIDE, 383 ARTISTS, WRITERS, DANCERS, AND MUSICIANS HAVE CREATED AN AVANT-GARDE COMMUNITY CALLED "WESTBETH"

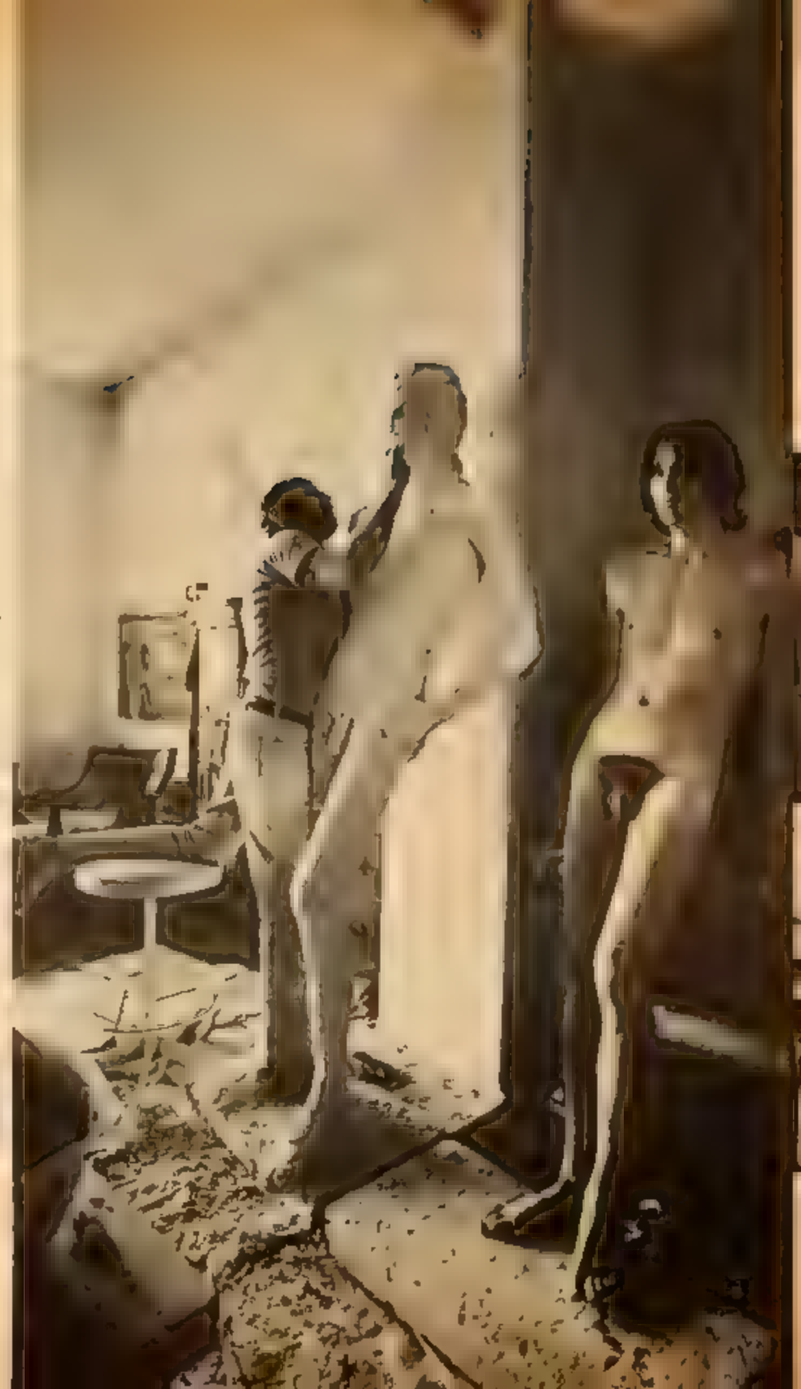
A community of rugged individualists is almost a contradiction in terms. Yet one exists, and thrives, and flourishing its name is Westbeth and it is the world's largest living and working facility for creative people. Some 383 artists, writers, photographers, dancers, actors and film makers—plus 840 members of their families—occupy the 13-story steel and concrete structure which is located on Manhattan's Lower West Side between West and Bethune Streets. The building, formerly headquarters of Bell Laboratories and the place where the transistor, area code, and color TV were invented, has become the matrix for a different kind of inventiveness: the unspired product of art. As Glenda Arentzen, a Westbethian potter puts it: "Living here is like being part of a colony on a new planet where no limits have been imposed and a treasure of raw materials awaits your hand." The people who created Westbeth—philanthropist Jack Kaplan, who donated $1.2 million in seed money; architect Richard Meier, and the FHA, which underwrote a $3 million loan—had the good sense to let the tenants themselves do much of the overall planning: "participatory planning," as it is called. Each tenant was given basic utilities and fixtures but no subdividing walls, closets or shelving. Each studio was thus adapted by its owner to his own tastes and needs. As a result, not only do the studios vary widely in decor but also in basic construction. Some have been converted into duplexes, triplexes and even quadruplexes. Westbeth's communal features include an 800-seat theater, a day-care center, a co-op grocery, health food shop, political cabaret, art gallery, rehearsal halls, library, a tree-shaded plaza and breathtaking views of the Hudson River. Rents are $40 per room, which is less than half the cost of comparable living space elsewhere in Manhattan. But don't rush out to apply—the waiting list exceeds 1,000 and Westbeth has stopped taking applications. The most important feature of Westbeth, of course, is the work of its residents. How good is it? Well, some of it is only so-so. But some of it is extraordinary—like the photographs on these ten pages, taken by Leonard Freed, himself a Westbeth resident.

Architecturally, Westbeth's most notable feature is the series of balconies in its central courtyard. The political bias of its residents is immediately apparent upon entering the lobby.

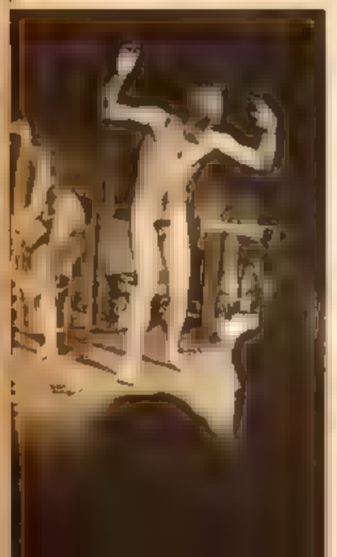
The central courtyard, and adjacent plaza, are the scene of all outdoor activities at Westbeth. A group of visiting English folk dancers performs there, while Westbeth's own dance group and children's theater rehearse and perform there. Major outdoor festivals are held twice a year.

Interior decor varies widely. Actor Robert O. Sullivan favors Americana (even for his bathroom) while other residents adorn their studios with antique furniture, stolen parking signs, a Hebrew eye chart and their own paintings.

Artists live and work in the same place, of course, and often mix pleasure with work, as sculptor Joe Brody demonstrates. Commercial photographer Alaine Thoumery uses his wife and kitchen for a photograph while harpsichordist Doris Cyrkowski rehearses her ensemble. Furniture maker Bernie Miller uses his studio as a shop, while cartoonist Bill Anthony draws his underground newspaper strip "Titsiapper." Model Fay Lafferty provides Anthony with inspiration by slapping her breasts together to rhythm supplied by a drummer



The biggest social events at Westbeth are the theatrical productions. Here, at a tenants' meeting, it is decided to produce "We Agree," a sexual satire by Westbethian Sally Ordway. The male and female leads, Carter Cole and Camille Manning, rehearse the revue on Westbeth's roof, then perform it in the Westbeth theater. Westbethians flocked to the show and, according to a count at the gate, saw the show an average of 2.4 time each



On the Septuaquinquennial of Psychoanalysis

An essay on the forthcoming 75th anniversary of Freud's first formulations

BY FREDERICK L. BOYLE

Next year will mark the 75th anniversary of the publication of *Studies in Hysteria*, a book that reported several cases in which the symptoms of a hysterical patient vanished when the patient, under hypnosis, recalled the traumatic experiences that had led to his symptoms. The authors of this small book were Josef Breuer and Sigmund Freud. And the book itself was the starting point, for good or for evil, of the entire psychoanalytic movement.

In the three-quarters of a century that have nearly elapsed since the publication of *Studies in Hysteria*, psychoanalytic theory and therapy have changed a good deal. Freud himself sometimes reversed himself on important issues. The [illegible] too. In the beginning critics were wont to complain that psychoanalysis maligned the innocent by referring to child and sexuality. Nowadays critics (many of whom have watched children masturbate) tend to complain psychoanalytic theory is applicable only to a bunch of sexually-screwed-up Austrian Jews living in the Victorian era and is above all that psychoanalytic theories cannot and will never be proved. Hans J. Eysenck, the English behaviorist put it this way in *The Uses and Abuses of Psychology*. Psychoanalysis is essentially non-scientific and to be judged in terms of belief and faith rather than in terms of proof and verification. "Many psychoanalytical-oriented psychiatrists (including Robert Coles of Harvard) sorrowfully go along. Indeed, that psychoanalytic theories cannot be experimentally validated is almost as widespread a belief as the fact that the sun does not revolve around the earth. And yet, as we shall see, the very future of psychoanalysis hinges upon the question of whether it can be experimentally tested.

It would, of course, be fine, should Jerry Hall or any psychoanalytic theories defy validation because the data are unreachable (a theory of submarination for instance), because you don't have to wait 2 years or so to see whether a particular cause has its predicted effect, and so on. Almost people seem to have forgotten that Freud himself was a scientist who worked with hard data. That is, he usually studied his patients' histories, their symptoms and behavior, their ideas, fantasies, and dreams, and *then* reached his conclusions. As the English psychologist J.A.C. Brown (who was himself psychoanalyzed) writes in *Freud and the Post Freudians*:

> Freud alone amongst the founders of analytic schools understood and made thorough use of the scientific method in his investigations. Freud's approach was always that his findings as carefully tested as [illegible] he was able to deal successfully with phenomena inaccessible to Pavlov. So far from [illegible] Freud was [illegible] in terms of external reality, to be used as basic data in revealing the dynamics of personality in precisely the same way that meteorological data might be used to chart the weather map in a geographical area.

Because Freud did not pick his theories out of the air but based them upon hard evidence, it should be not at all surprising that some of his theories can be tested. In fact it should not be at all surprising that some of his theories *have* been tested.

The early experiments by the psychologists was, to be sure, not to be desired. The experimenters knew very little about psychoanalysis and didn't like the very little they knew. Some examples:

1. Psychologists compiled two lists of words, one list containing "sugar," "sweet," and so forth, the other such as "containing" "butter," and so forth. Then the experimenters had a group of subjects memorize the words and later found that the group forgot just as many pleasant words as unpleasant words. Thus the psychoanalytic theory of "repression" that unbearable ideas, impulses, fantasies, and experiences are likely to be "forgotten" was supposed to be disproved.

Actually, Freud did not say that everything unpleasant may be repressed but only those things that threaten a person that a lack of ego. In any case "sugar" and "butter" are not even all that unpleasant, especially if one happens to be fond of running water and butter.

Later we shall see what happened in a similar experiment when the words used included "balls," "penis," and "screw."

2. A group of subjects starved themselves for a week and then at night did *not* have dreams of food, even though, contrary to Freud, dreams are not wish-fulfillments.

Actually, Freud believed that the *latent* content of any dream contained a wish, a wish that might be unrecognizably disguised in the manifest contents of the dream and that the *manifest* content might, even be punishment for the wish (a nightmare). In addition, one might suggest that preventing a starved animal from eating is actually starving are a trifle different and one might point out that people who have really been starving experiments, for instance, *have* reported that they dreamed of food.

3. An educational psychologist asked a number of other psychologists about the preferences of their own children for one parent or the other. Since the boys didn't always prefer their mothers and the girls their fathers, the whole theory of the Oedipus complex was, it seems, knocked into a cocked hat.

The theory of the Oedipus complex has any number of weaknesses but people who try to test it should at least recognize that the "complex" in its terms refers to *unconscious* feelings. Commenting upon this experiment, psychologist Brown humorously suggested that "without any fuss for her nonsense, Hamlet should be asked the simple question: 'Do you or do you not have an Oedipus complex?' (Perhaps, on second thought, I would be more scientific to ask his mother, the Queen, who was naturally in a better position to observe Hamlet's childhood [illegible] and [illegible] an intelligent and unbiased witness.)

In recent years, however, impartial psychologists, familiar with psychoanalysis, have been performing experiments to test analytic theories. Other psychologists have performed such experiments inadvertently. A few psychiatrists have also been trying their hand at it, only a few because most psychiatrists wouldn't recognize an experimentally variable or a control group if one bit them. As a result, a rather sizable body of experimental data has been built up around psychoanalytic theory.

What follows is a sampling of those experiments that test basic theories of psychoanalysis. This sampling is not meant to be comprehensive, either in covering psychoanalytic theories or the experiments testing them. Many of the best projects of the experiments have been omitted. Possible objections to some of the experiments have been omitted. This sampling is presented to show only that some basic psychoanalytic theories can be tested and that therefore psychoanalysis is on its way to becoming a full-fledged social science.

Repression and the Unconscious

One of the simplest psychological experiments ever conducted was also one of the richest in its implications about psychoanalytic theory.

Emst G. Beier and Emory L. Cowen (*Journal of Personality*, 1951) assembled two lists of eight five-letter words. One list contained innocuous words, like "paper." The other list contained [illegible] words "whore," [illegible] Negro," [illegible] raped." Then the experimenters had the words typed onto a piece of paper with 12 carbons. The words on the last and 13th sheet, obviously were blurred beyond recognition. The words on the first sheet were the clearest of all. (The typist used an electric typewriter so that all the words were impressed with equal pressure.)

Next, the experimenters had 76 college students try to identify the words starting with the 13th (most blurred) sheet and working toward the first. On the whole, it took the students 21 seconds longer, and over 4 page-flips more, to identify the threatening words.

Now if you think about it, there's something funny going on here. After all, how could the students *see* the threatening words *later* than the neutral words unless they *identified* the threatening words before they said they saw them? The students weren't [illegible] about saying aloud words like "whore," because the experimenters had warned them that they'd see such words. And the students reported afterwards that they were not aware of actually having identifications of the threatening words.

Other experimenters, using a slide projector and [illegible]-to-bright illuminations, have confirmed this finding. People will "see" neutral words before they supposedly "see" threatening words. And although some psychologists have struggled mightily to come up with an alternate explanation, the only logical one is that people see the threatening words, repress them, and consciously see them only when they're so clear they can no longer be repressed.

Further evidence comes from an English psychologist, W.F. Dixon (*Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, 1958). Dixon attached electrodes to the hands of his subjects and measured the small current passing through their hands while he projected sexual words very dimly upon a screen. (Any kind of emotional shock usually reduces the electrical resistance of the skin, probably because a person begins to sweat and this causes an increase in the current strength. This is known as "the psychogalvanic skin response.") At one point, while the sexual words were on the screen, there was a leap in the electrical current. The subject must have seen the words. Yet they *said* that they saw the words only later when the illumination was made much brighter.

Obviously, the subjects in these experiments were normal members of the Western world, terribly uptight about sex. But according to psychoanalytic theory, there are some people who have *not* successfully repressed their sexual impulses. Like sex criminals. So presumably sex criminals will recognize incomplete pictures of sexual organs and incomplete pictures of people engaged in various modes of sexual behavior *before* other types of criminals will recognize them. And they do. H. Lindner (*Journal of Personality*, 1956) found mental-hospital patients who were openly aggressive and sadistic were slower to identify sentences dealing with aggression than neutral sentences, and slower than the control group. The students were told to say aloud words like "whore"

Defense Mechanisms

"Repression" is known in psychoanalytic theory as a defense mechanism. It protects a person from consciously facing up to whatever threatens him. Other defense-mechanisms include denial, reaction-formation, projection, regression and displacement. Here again, there are experimental data to confirm the existence of each.

Denial. A person may simply refuse to believe that he is threatened. For instance, the more heavily you smoke the less likely you are to believe that cigarettes cause cancer (Leon Festinger, *A Theory of Cognitive Dissonance*, 1957). One might argue that someone smokes heavily *because* he thinks cigarettes won't hurt him, but since cigarette smoking is clearly a matter of compulsion rather than of will, this seems doubtful. A better example of denial: A study of World War II fliers found that 69 percent of them often or occasionally felt a "sense of unreality," that this couldn't be happening to you (Laurence F. Shaffer, *Journal of Consulting Psychology*, 1947). And Robert E. Knox and James A. Inkster (*Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, 1968) found that people *before* they bet on a horse think the horse has a *fair* chance of winning, and *after* they bet on a horse think it has a *good* chance of winning.

Reaction-Formation. People who have sadistic impulses or who have a strong desire to be stubborn or dirty may disguise this part of their nature (from themselves as well as from other people) by being as kind, compliant or as clean as possible. The thin man inside the fat man is still there, though, and once in a while he gets loose.

In 1962, Edwin I. Megargee and Gerald A. Mendelsohn gave personality tests to criminals convicted of assault with a deadly weapon, murder, manslaughter and mayhem. They also gave personality tests to nonaggressive thieves and homosexuals, along with normal men. Megargee confesses that he and Mendelsohn thought "that those men whose crimes showed the greatest hostility and the least control." As it turned out, "The assaultive criminals turned out to be less aggressive and more controlled than the nonviolent criminals—or even than the noncriminals." Further experiments revealed that those criminals with aggressive personalities commit violent crimes, all right, but those criminals with *non*-aggressive personalities commit the *most* violent crimes. In other words, the murderer inside Mr. Milquetoast occasionally comes out for an airing.

Projection. People feel a certain way: suspicious, lecherous, greedy, they may think other people think the same way and blame *them*. A man who has homosexual designs upon other men may think that they really have homosexual designs upon *him*.

There are any number of experiments demonstrating the mechanism of projection, and one of the most complicated and shocking was performed by Dana Bramel (*Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, 963). Bramel wanted to show that people whose self-esteem is high are more likely to defend themselves by projecting than people whose self-esteem has suffered a reverse.

And so Bramel gave his male subjects psychological tests. One group was told that they had done well, another group was told that they had done poorly. Then the subjects were paired, told to write down their evaluations of their partners (including their estimates of their partners' masculinity), then placed in the same room with their partners.

Each subject sat at a desk opposite his partner. On each desk were 15 photographs of men. Many of the men were almost entirely nude and had physiques somewhat more delicate and poised than those typically found in a physical-culture magazine." The subjects had electrodes placed on their skin (as mentioned earlier), and they were told to measure their own emotional responses to the photographs. "With great care the experimenter had explained that the movement of the needle in response to looking at the photos was a clear and indisputable sign of sexual arousal."

You think that was bad? Worse was to come. The measuring machine was actually controlled by the experimenter. And whenever a subject looked at a picture of a fully clothed man, the experimenter had the needle shake mightily vigorously. And thus the men were convinced that they were pretty strongly homosexual.

Next, the men were asked: How do you rate your partners' masculinity *now*? Subjects whose self-esteem had been raised (by telling them how well they had done on psychological tests) guessed that their partners showed the *same* degree of arousal, although these subjects had already reported that their partners seemed normally masculine. In other words, they projected their own homosexual tendencies. Subjects whose self-esteem had been lowered guessed that their partners showed *less* arousal than themselves. (This might be interpreted as the work of another defense mechanism, "turning against the self.")

In justice to the experimenter, he had told his subjects beforehand that they weren't homosexuals and after the experiment was over he told them how they had been bamboozled. Still and all, the experiment seems somewhat questionable as far as ethics is concerned.

Regression. Under stress people may return to an earlier time in their lives, when they were not so overwhelmed. That regression can actually occur has been demonstrated by hypnotizing people and telling them to regress. One 30-year-old man, told to regress to the age of one, promptly wet his trousers, in other experiments, it has been found that people regressed under hypnosis show a lack of eye-coordination which is typical of children. Still other experiments have found hard-to-control regress to the age of five or six months show the "Babinski reflex"—that is, if the soles of their feet are stroked the toes curl up, which happens only in infants up to the age of seven months. And certainly the subjects could not have known these arcana about neurophysiological development.

Displacement. A person may vent his emotions not at the individual or object that is logically responsible but at someone or something else. Experiments with animals have shown that, when frustrated, they may attack an innocent bystander (for example, a boy that's in the same cage). Studies also show that lynchings in America have increased as the farm value of cotton went down (Carl I. Hovland and Robert Sears, *Journal of Psychology*, 1940). Generally, those regions, cities, and nations that have a high murder rate have a low suicide rate—those that have a high suicide rate have a low murder rate. Or, if you don't get rid of your aggressive impulses on an outsider, you turn them on yourself—and vice versa.

From Child to Adult

According to Freud, a child's libidinal impulses pass through oral, anal, phallic and then latency stages. Finally, if he is lucky to the genital stage of mature sexuality. But if a child is inadequately nursed or harshly toilet-trained, as an adult he may be fixated.

There are many experiments testing the concepts of orality and anality and the results have sometimes confirmed. But it seems established that oral-anal-phallic-stages are not available to some societies. (For example, the Kwakiutl Indians have a sexual free-for-all when they're supposed to be "latent.") One psychologist sympathetic to psychoanalysis concludes that the oral-anal-phallic-genital schema has not found a secure place either in common sense or in general psychology.

On the other hand, researchers like A.B. Murphy (*The Widening World of Childhood*, 1962) have confirmed some of the orality concepts. In studying the behavior of 32 pre-schoolers, she found that early oral gratification was linked to later security, self-esteem, acceptance of others, and so on. But there's a catch. Oral frustration can lead to fixation (e.g. thumb-sucking) but, as L.J. Yarrow (*Journal of Genetic Psychology*, 1954) found in studying 66 children, so can prolonged oral *satisfaction* (e.g. late weaning). As for anality, several experiments have confirmed that the [illegible] stubbornness, parsimony, orderliness go together. But as H. Beloff (*Genetic Psychology Monographs*, 1957) discovered after interviewing 20 college students and their mothers, then giving the students psychological tests, an "anal" personality may have nothing to do with toilet-training. Stubborn-parsimonious-orderly mothers may bring up stubborn-parsimonious-orderly children.

Part of the Oedipus complex includes the theory that a boy unconsciously sees that girls are castrated (thinks he may be castrated because of his rivalry with pop for the old lady) gives up his incestuous designs, and identifies with his father. Certainly this pattern cannot be universal. In the Trobriand Islands the child's guardian is his maternal uncle, not his father. It would also seem likely that many boys never see the genitals of a young female before they're past the Oedipus (about 2½ to 6) stage and it has to be a *young* female, because if boys see the genitals of a woman, they may think (as many do) that *their* male genital is covered by pubic hair. Finally, even if a boy within the right age range sees a girl's genitals and concludes that she has been castrated, it takes a remarkable leap of the imagination to connect this with his own rivalry with his father, especially in American society where fathers are so self-effacing and mothers so suffocatingly dominant, and particularly in Jewish families that have a Jack and Sophie Portnoy.

From clinical studies, it would seem that some men do have classical Oedipus complexes, while most men are ambivalent about their fathers and their anal hang-ups. On the other hand, from full-fledged experiments, it would seem that many men have castration anxiety, possibly for Oedipus reasons, and possibly because the male genital is a pleasurable, valuable, vulnerable appendage.

In 1932 Karen Horney (*International Journal of Psychoanalysis*) reported that when a clinic doctor tried to persuade boys and girls to insert their fingers into a ball, the ball developed a split, significantly more boys than girls hesitated or refused. And crying ha[illegible] they were more worried about losing a phallus-like appendage. B.J. Schwartz (*Journal of Personality*, 956) using the Thematic Apperception Test (mentioned earlier) found that men had more castration anxiety than women, but less castration anxiety than male homosexuals.

An interesting experiment along these lines involved the Blacky Test. Blacky is a little black dog, and the test-taker is male, female, or the test-taker is female. Blacky appears in "cartoons and gets into all sorts of strange situations. For example, he sees another dog about to have its tail cut off. How does Blacky feel about this?" the test-taker is asked. Since test-takers identify with the dog and relax their defenses somewhat, presumably they reveal a lot about themselves. Men, it seems, don't like dogs to have their tails cut off, but women don't mind so much. In fact, using the Blacky Test, its inventor, Gerald S. Blum (*Genetic Psychology Monographs*, 1949) confirmed 13 out of 14 psychoanalytic propositions. The one he didn't prove: that the superego is always a symbol of the father. To girls, Blacky's conscience-like companion resembled Mother again, implying that you should never underestimate the power of an American woman.

[illegible] and penis envy was carried out by Calvin Hall and Robert L. Van de Castle (*Journal of Personality*, 965), who studied the dreams reported by 60 college students. Dreams showing castration anxiety would include those in which the dreamer lost part of his body, or part of his body was threatened, or a situation which [illegible] the dreamer was unable to use an object with phallic characteristics (knives, pens, rifles, and dreams in which the dreamer turned into a woman). Dreams showing the wish to castrate would include those in which [illegible] these many things happened to somebody else. Dreams showing penis envy would include those in which [illegible] dreams or objects with phallic characteristics.

The experimenters analyzed 958 dreams from male dreamers and 1,056 dreams from female dreamers. They found that 15 male dreams showed castration anxiety and only 57 female dreams; 31 male dreams showed the wish to castrate and 57 female dreams; 16 male dreams showed penis envy and 32 female dreams.

Why should men have anxieties castration or penis envy? Because, say the experimenters, men aggressive, competitive, with the men. And why do any women have castration anxiety? The experimenters explain that men dream about what might happen to them and women dream about what has happened to them. But men are more worried because past factors are less frightening than terrors to come.

Psychoanalytic theory maintains that a boy learns to be a man and a girl learns to be a woman by identifying with the parent of the same sex. But if a boy has no significant male model around to identify with, his masculinity may be undermined. D. Lynn and W.L. Sawrey (*Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* 1959) studied the eight- and nine-year-old sons of Norwegian sailors who are away from their families for long periods. They found that the father-absent boys were more immature and had more difficulties with their peers than a group of boys with their fathers at home. The father-absent boys also showed *exaggerated* masculine behavior. Other investigators have found a relationship between a youth's delinquency and disturbances in the father-child relationship.

Finally, a note on the psychoanalytic theory of mental illness. Some breakdowns occur, according to the psychoanalysts, when painful repressed emotions are suddenly released. For example, a child whose mother dies may repress his emotions but they may boil over later in life, precipitating a breakdown. In fact, Josephine R. Hilgard and Martha F. Newman (*Psychiatry*, 1959) have demonstrated that you can often predict *when* such child-events will develop a mental illness. When they have a child of the same age as they were when their mothers died.

Does Psychoanalysis Have a Future?

Among [illegible] psychoanalytic therapy is a present very limited [illegible] scope of its usefulness, how can the future of psychoanalysis be anything but bleak? The answer is that psychoanalysis is not just a therapy for individuals; it is also a way to study, understand and treat society. And the future of psychoanalysis may well depend upon its lifting up its eyes and its hands upon its concern with society as a whole. For it is far better to prevent than to cure.

But before psychoanalysis can realize its potential as a social tool, it must first establish itself as a science. Ambiguous terms must be defined, doubtful theories discarded, concepts sharpened and, with the aid of experimentation. This must be the task of the present-day psychoanalysts, guided by the psychoanalytic institutes.

Once psychoanalysis has been universally accepted and used by other social scientists, it can be used more widely than ever to study social problems. After all, it has a tremendous advantage over other types of inquiry. Psychoanalysis can expose the deeper levels of personality. It can differentiate between shamreality and real-reality. Thus, when a sociologist visited Norway, he accepted at face value the Norwegian women's assertion that they were submissive to their husbands. Herbert Hendin, a psychoanalyst and the author of *Suicide in Scandinavia* (1965), studied the dreams of Norwegian women and found that their husbands appeared in them as babies and children. He had the women free-associate and discovered that they really felt that their husbands were much weaker than they. Another valuable psychoanalytic investigation: his one into the personalities of normal nurses (*Psychoanalysis and Social Research*, 1965), by Hendin, Willard Gaylin and Arthur Carr, revealed that nurses aren't guided by humanitarian motives but by the desire to control, dominate, and manipulate. A recent study by Benjamin Wright and Shirley Luska tried to determine which type of woman decides to become a teacher and why women choose to teach high school or grade school. Using psychoanalytic theories of identification, they found that high-school teachers had identified with their own teachers, grade-school teachers had had a special relationship with their fathers, and wanted to recreate Alpha's father-daughter situation by teaching other children. Generally, new women who strongly identified with their mothers became teachers because they were content being mothers. And it was 19 years ago that psychologists, relying heavily upon psychoanalytic techniques, studied the personalities of people susceptible to prejudice and discovered the Authoritarian Personality. All of these studies promise to have valuable practical applications.

For some time now, psychoanalysis has also had practical social use, for example in making suggestions for child care. But many further advances are possible. Geoffrey Gorer writes:

[illegible] psychoanalytic practice and theory [illegible] showed to be useful social tools in the selection of officers for the forces, or the rehabilitation of [illegible] prisoners, in industrial relations in a [illegible] the rehabilitation of [illegible] schools. These [illegible] have shown that psychoanalysis can be more than a slow, costly and [illegible] it could potentially, increase human happiness and efficiency in all institutions where people are in constant interaction.

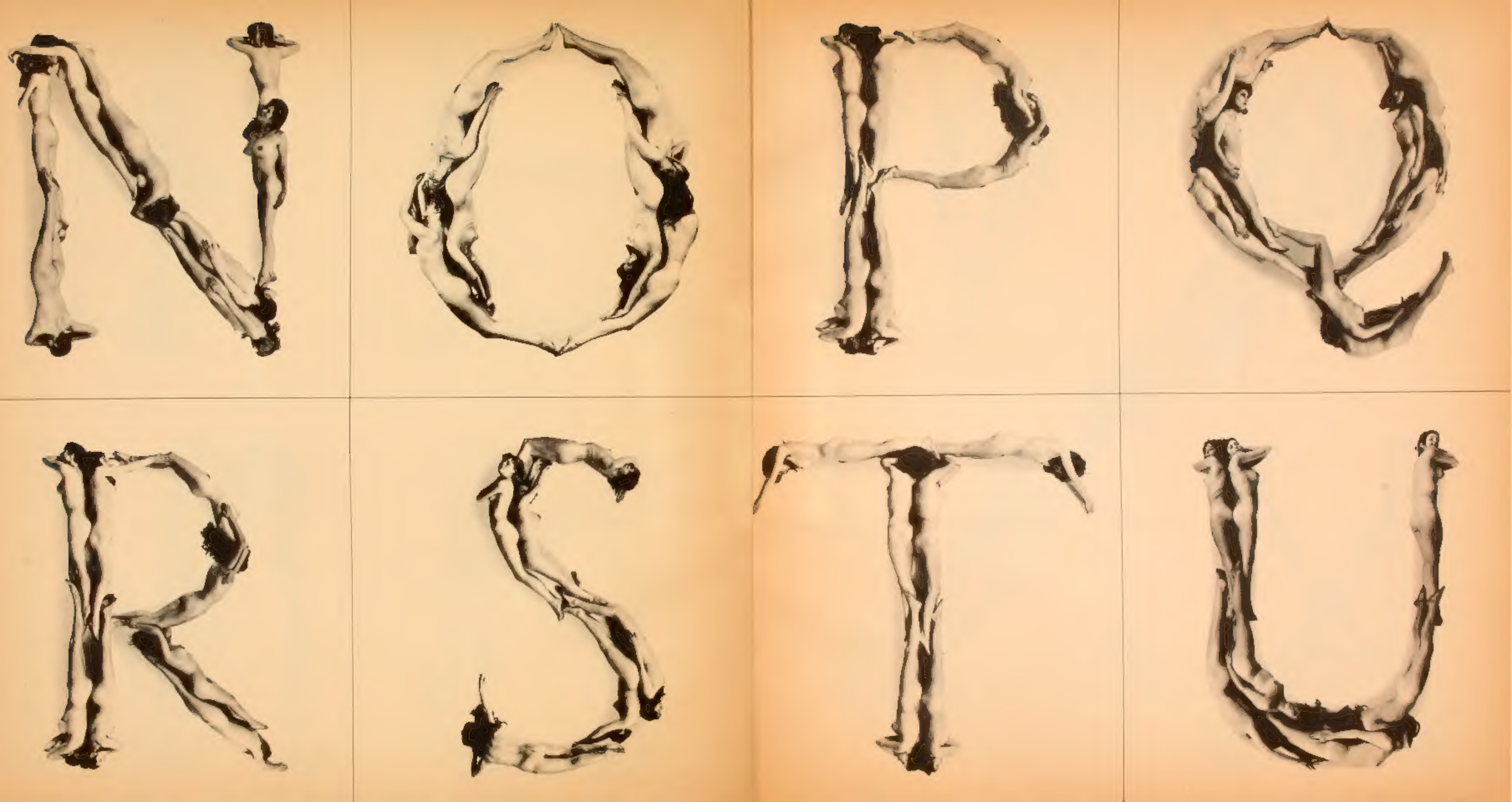
Indeed, one reason the Peace Corps has been such a success is that applicants were screened beforehand by psychiatrists. The number of Corpsmen who broke down while in service has been negligible. A psychiatrist who analyzed Khrushchev for John F. Kennedy believes he may have given the President the insight to deal so effectively with Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis.

As the 75th anniversary of psychoanalysis rolls around, then, it can be safely said that psychoanalysis has an unlimited future. Indeed, 75 years ago, Freud himself could not have foreseen the value that psychoanalysis would come to have; after all, the special task of man in the 20th century has become the study of the psychological. And whatever changes are made in psychoanalysis as it gradually becomes a full-fledged science, Freud himself will be vindicated. As Ernest Hilgard writes, "His observations and discoveries about people, brilliantly set forth, assure him a place in history regardless of the changes that may be wrought in the theories he proposed." And, as psychologist J.A.C. Brown summed up, after an elaborate study on the efficacy of psychoanalysis, "It represents the greatest single advance in our understanding of the human personality so far conceived."

BELLES LETTRES

A PHOTO-ALPHABET

MODELS IN
AN AMSTERDAM GYMNASIUM
AT SHOOTING
OF THE "BELLES-LETTRES"
PHOTO-ALPHABET
THAT BEGINS ON THE NEXT PAGE



UNWINDING IN LONDON

BY SEYMOUR KRIM

Much of the tension leaves a New Yorker when he betrays his fierce Dragon Lady mother, the Bitch of Manhattan, and comes to unwind in London. I've been unwinding in London for more than a year. My sleep is better, my state of mind is easier, and I softly curse myself for not making the move sooner. But being a New Yorker is a special illness. You carry it with you everywhere, it's deep in the speeding blood and can never entirely be cured, and it probably spoils you for every other city on the globe.

Certainly at first.

You enter a new town, as I did London, and observe the quaint customs with the inner conviction that you come from the hottest metropolis of them all. Therefore: Let's see what you've got, you funny-looking squares! That's about the level of every Noo Yawk hipster's approach if you were to X-ray his thoughts. He may disguise it with a smokescreen of democratic enthusiasm, but underneath, he's the worst of city snobs.

I couldn't bear London the first three months I was here. It infuriated me. Without a girlfriend but with crisp new pounds sterling in my crisp new duds, I couldn't even get laid properly. Aging strippers demanded over-priced champagne as a token of esteem and £20 as a down-payment for possible action. Checking later with other uprooted Manhattanites—after, by the way, I was nicely shacked up with an Australian girl—I found that my early troubles were typical.

But the lack of a glossy bird to warm me, even momentarily and for a price, was only the surest of my early adjustment problems. The traffic seemed to me insane. Yes, big, foolish hunks of steel and chrome roar around in the States, but despite our unbeatable anarchy on every human level, cars don't whip around sidewalks like bullets and do stop like grumbling dinosaurs at clearly designated red lights. London's traffic lights seemed to me miles apart. Pedestrian crossing-zones scared me.

A mild prescription from a New York doctor couldn't be filled. On meeting a brother writer, who happened to be nobility, I went through the most godawful agonies about whether to call him Lord so-and-so or use his first name. The calculated servility of shop people made me want to choke them into self-respect. Cockney to me seemed as charming as a drill on a rotten tooth.

In other words, London was a strange and constantly irritating place for me in the beginning. I was in a 24-hour fume—misery, manners, traffic, pubs, peculiar-tasting cigarettes, unfindable streets, they all conspired to drive me up the wall. Everything looked seedy to me after the diamond glitter of my high-pressure town. After 12 weeks I felt that the sinister chill which makes Londoners prematurely gaunt and old before their time (or so I thought) was going to entomb me, too, unless I got out.

I got out on BOAC, right down to Malaga. And I knocked around Spain for three or four months, congratulating myself, even when I was bored by the sameness of everything, that I was down in pleasure's country and not smelling that ugly stuff they wash the Tube down with every night. Cheap brandy, cheap lodging, incredibly inexpensive ladies. The selfish life. The bland life, with each day following in the sandalled footsteps of the one before and with Franco's dark prisons only a rumor, put out of mind as I got glazed by blue sky and yellow sun.

But even paradise palls, reality calls, and once again one of the sky buses was dropping me down at Heathrow for another go at the most unsanitizable city—and probably country, too—that my cocky New York Jewish life-style had yet led me into.

This time, a brief two weeks, I was stuck out in Blackheath. My faithful Australian chick had her little pad waiting for me up the hill from the British Rail station. Quite a comedown from my former Eaton Terrace basement digs, complete with ferocious landlady, and menacing hot-water boiler, but just another, uglier nail in the coffin from my point of view. I had to be in London to see my publisher. I had a book coming out (*Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer*). That was to be the end of it. My girl knew it and accepted it. I just couldn't make it in the land of Big Ben. The fact that a smart-alec New Yorker was living out at the ass-end of town, with scrubby, miserable country around, freezing in the dead of winter, was just a little more black humor as far as I was concerned. I was prepared to laugh my way through it until I flew back to New York.

But a peculiar thing began to happen. I started to enjoy walking around my new neighborhood out in the sticks. This wasn't the jostling King's Road. You see London differently when you get on the edges of it, and even though I was technically outside the city by a mile, I was really going to see how Londoners live—without stage effects.

I began to get that sense of a hundred, a thousand, separate communities which really gives London its character, not one big howling blur like my native streets. I enjoyed kibitzing with the local druggist (they call him "chemist"), grocer, newsdealer, all of them, and I liked the familiar faces I began to see in the shops. Community. Palaver. Natural rhythms. Perhaps even a reflection of myself in other faces if I could ever really settle down. My highspeed Manhattan psyche began to unkink; I even got some work done between the uncomplicated days and the clean nights of my stay in Blackheath and, even though our room was cramped and we were roughing it, I was sorry to leave my patch of countrified city and take the plunge back into the inferno on the other side of the Atlantic. So we kissed goodbyes, my girl and I, London and I.

But not for long.

That touch of peace, the hope for a steady life together that my Australian companion held out, the new psychic metabolism that I had felt in Blackheath, made my two-and-a-half weeks back with the Bitch of Manhattan an unreal interlude. Don't misunderstand, I still hadn't given London my pledge in blood, but as soon as the inevitable New York cop barked at me for smoking in the 72nd street subway station, as soon as my oldest pal put me down for the unmanly length of my London hairdo, and as the remnants of my family began yammering at me over the hysterical New York telephone wires, I knew that some exotic foreign bug had gotten into me and was eating away at that ridiculous sense of superiority which I had originally brought to Europe.

I was coming back.

I still had enough bread from my book advance for another six months before I had to scuffle. I still had enough hope that the combination of London-type peace and peaceful pussy could cement me to the one woman, bring an ice-pick to my Manhattan-made fever, allow me to breathe slowly enough to broaden what I now believed was an unnaturally cramped, inner landscape. My human animal wanted to graze in urban meadow, not shoot down back alleys chased by urban terrors.

I came back to London for the third time ready to dig it for what it was, what it could give me, not what I wanted it to be. That's the mistake that most New York wiseguys make the first time—they want a London that fits their movie image, their literary image. They grow sour when they don't see Julie Christie and Laurence Harvey dining at every expensive restaurant, Julie Andrews selling flowers outside Covent Garden, or Sean Connery shooting at SMERSH agents from his Bentley as he chases them across Piccadilly Circus. They knock it, instead of letting London grow on them—slowly, inevitably, powerfully, a gray deceiver that gets more of an unexpected grip on you than any other big city in Europe today, if you just give it some time.

Blackheath was a little too far out of reach to have an occasional night on the town and my loyal girl had used her pioneering Aussie spirit, and pinched English pocketbook, to nab a nice little place for us in Kennington. Working-class. Coloured. Chinese. I felt right at home, a mixture of the Lower East Side and San Francisco, peoplewise, with enough greenery around to keep this ethnic recipe fairly unexplosive.

And so Kennington, of all places, has been my base ever since the early spring of 1970 as I fight to stay on here in a London that I now have close feelings for. It takes me a big 10 minutes to get into the Haymarket, pick up my mail at American Express, and then fan out into the city itself for whatever I have to do that day. It's also a good work retreat, cheap, quiet (apart from the 250-pound docker who clumps in the flat above me—actually nice, steady clumps when you get used to them), and gives me an insight into the economic underside of London life. Poverty—or at least a standard of living which is very close to the knuckle.

Of course, you can feel this all through the city if you look past the slightly tarnished medals and the fraying braid. The pinch is on compared to New York. Men and women here earn approximately one half of what they would on the other side of the same job. Sandwiches are thinner, drinks smaller, paper is skimpier (and it breaks under a load of groceries if you forget your damn shopping bag). Even the print in newspapers is finer and I squint like a mole over the afternoon editions.

There is a reminiscent air of the Depression thirties everywhere—at least when you get away from the posh sections. Grime and grayness seem to be everywhere. Some of this has to do with the climate, the way the light hits, but much of it has to do with age and time and this is the part that is hardest for a New Yorker and an American to get used to. I come from a city and a society that is shiny and new. We expect, and usually get, excellent performances from our gadgets. Likewise, we expect people to behave like machines: efficiency is our god, although we only realize this when we come abroad.

London is inefficient and bumbling by comparison. It takes getting used to. You have to slow down your expectations. You have to be patient with toilets that don't always flush, power and personnel failures in the Tube, snafus at the traffic light on the corner—the lot, as Londoners say. It was this technological amateurism which threw me for a loss when I first came.

Now after 13 months I've slowed down to keep pace. I walk where in New York I'd take a cab practically to go around the corner. I look at the flowers and even stop to smell them, whereas in my city they're usually a packaged item in a window. I enjoy the kids and the little tots poking a football in the park and don't see them as miniature gangsters, which I would in New York. I've stretched out to meet Londoners on their own terms, in other words, and godammit I like it—the absence of psychic pressure, of being Mr. Tightup, being let alone to do what I want to do when I want to do it.

America makes large-gestured rhetoric out of the idea of individual freedom. But I've actually found more of it here in London than I ever found at home. Nobody really seems to give a particular damn what you wear, who it is that's hanging on your arm, where you're going. I like that. But it can also be indescribably confusing at first—this great ocean of a city, huge and spread out enough to absorb anything and everything without losing its ancient cool.

It seems to me—as I've watched the election of conservatives, the growing problems in race, traffic, drugs, crime, etc.—that these days London tends to get a lot of the ill winds that blow across the waters from the States. Everything that happens in my country, my hometown, happens here inside of two or three or four years, on a smaller scale. In fact, if I'd had this theory working when Mr. Heath handed Mr. Wilson that unexpected right to the political jaw I might have picked up a nice bit of change at one of the local turf accountant shops. But assuming that what I say is true, I'd much rather receive these stateside ill-winds over here, diluted, scaled down, robbed of their manic violence, than take them at full-blast back home. And I don't think I'm alone in feeling this. In the coming decade I think we'll see thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers and Yanks from every major city and state, coming over here to get their bearings.

We need you, ample London. Your weather, your imperturbable malfunctioning, your old fuddy-duddy ways may irritate the hejesus out of us until we simmer down and learn to understand you. But if ever there was a time when Americans needed an "alternative society" or a "counter-culture" to jet to when they couldn't take any more, that time is now and that place is here.

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